



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

ALADY was telling me the other night that when she and a friend were paying their luncheon ticket in a fashionable restaurant recently, the waitress presented a bill which was somewhat less than the tariff on the bill of fare. They called the attention of the waitress to this undercharge, which so startled her that she forgot to say thank you, though she explained that they had done her a greater service than they may have thought. "I have served ten or twelve orders of that to-day and I made a wrong charge in every case, and this loss to the proprietors will be charged against me to-night." It is impossible that ten or a dozen people should have been charged too little without one of them noticing it, so we are confronted with the proposition that of that dozen, probably all of them women who would carefully reckon how much their lunch was going to cost before they ordered it, the great majority of them were dishonest. The girl would not be paid over fifty cents a day, and at night no doubt the proprietor deducted a whole day's pay for carelessness in making out the checks, a hardship which she would probably feel for weeks. If the ladies who called her attention to her mistake had not done so, probably the little affair would have cost her a dollar. It seems incredible that well-to-do people are willing to let servants pay for a portion of their luncheon in this way. Yet many otherwise respectable people have a code of morals of such an easy type that if the street car conductor fails to ask for their tickets, if a bunch of ribbon is uncharged in the bill at a tradesman's, if something is omitted from a restaurant check, or if they get too much change, they say, "Well, it is their business to look after such things; I am not going to bother about it." They may not know that they are really guilty of petty larceny, but they are. Indeed, they may cause much more trouble and misery than would a pickpocket, for waitresses, shop-girls and underpaid servants are nearly always those who have to make up the deficiency, no matter how much hardship it may cause them.

THE controversy arising out of Dr. John Ferguson's statements with regard to the small number of Public school children who pass the High school entrance examinations in Toronto as compared with those who pass the same examinations in smaller places, has brought to light the vague and varying standards of excellence recognized by the Public school teachers of this city. Without doubt, villages and towns have a greater percentage of pupils who go through the Public schools with the distinct intention of going further, than can be found in very large cities. The professional classes in cities like Toronto are recruited largely from the ranks of those who attend country and village schools for the purpose of passing into High schools, obtaining certificates, and teaching until enough has been saved to qualify them for first-class teachers, lawyers, doctors, engineers, etc. If a census were taken of the professional men of Toronto it would be astonishing to many to discover how large a percentage, particularly of the successful ones, were country-born and began their advanced studies in village or town schools. As an illustration of definiteness of purpose in some schools, the first school I taught, nearly thirty years ago, had an average attendance of eighteen in summer and twenty-six in winter, and not only had I to teach the alphabet, but drill a class of three in the rudiments of Latin in the direction of matriculation in law and medicine. I have the satisfaction of knowing that these boys all matriculated and obtained professions. In my next school I had 122 on the roll, with an average attendance in the winter of 86 and in the summer of 64. They were all in one room, and as before I taught from the A B C's to algebra. No professional man or schoolteacher had ever been turned out of that almost suburban school section, and I set to work with a couple of the brightest and most advanced girls to drill them for examination for third-class certificates, and both of them succeeded before I had been there six months. I quote these examples of how country school-teachers who like their work can pick out a few bright pupils and push them along with astonishing speed, for it was a matter of pride amongst us turning out successful candidates for the High school or third-class certificates. The country youngster has nothing to distract him or her. A wild anxiety to escape the grim toil of the farm spurs them to great exertions, and the jeers of their school fellows in case of defeat determine them to do or die.

In the city a very much larger percentage of the brightest scholars quit school after they have got through the Fourth Book. Though their parents may be toiling unremittently to dress them decently and to obtain food and shelter for them in their school days, the town children have not such an incentive to push themselves along. Many of them know that when they get advanced to a certain degree they will have to go to work in a factory, mill, or office, and they are inclined to prolong their school days.

Another phase of it which has been pointed out is that town children read a great deal more than country children, have wider views, and accept their education more as a matter of enlightenment than as a means of passing an examination which, to many thousands of them, leads nowhere. Dr. John Ferguson has done the city a great service by bringing out in a strong light the aimlessness of much of the education which is going on. It is well to have had the attention of both teachers and parents fastened for a few moments on this serious subject. I remember that in the second school of which I had charge, I formed the larger boys and girls into a class before my desk and asked each one of them individually why they were coming to school. The majority of them said to learn to read and write and cipher. One initiated the other, and I got pretty much the same answer from the lot. I next asked them individually what they intended to make of themselves. This made them all feel sheepish, and they were very slow to declare their ambitions, if they had any. The first lad was about the furthest advanced of any, and he shifted from one foot to the other and finally blurted out, "Nuthin'." I tried to tell him that a boy could easily be "nuthin'" without going to school. The next one said he "guessed" he would be a farmer. I asked him if he ever hoped to be a member of the township council, or a reeve, or warden of the county, or a member of Parliament. In his embarrassment he turned to the rest of the class and snickered, and all the rest laughed. I found out that none of them, except the two girls who said they wanted to teach school, knew what they wanted or what a reeve was, or a warden, or a member of Parliament, or what was the meaning of any public office, yet this large school was less than three miles from the suburbs of the city of London, Ontario. Even in the old days I think justice was done even to the dull and backward, and now methods of teaching have vastly improved, yet it is hard to find a spark of ambition amongst many children to be anything more than their fathers and mothers have been. I doubt if the boys in the Public schools of Toronto, say even in the fourth forms, were all asked what they intended to make of themselves, that an intelligible answer would be obtainable but from a very small percentage. They are going to school as long as their parents can afford to send them, or till they get tired of it and want to go to work that they may have pocket money of their own. Further-

more, I doubt if the teachers are presenting the most practical side of life to those in their charge. I think a boy or girl should be induced, if possible, to pass either the entrance examination or the leaving examination so that they may obtain something which will give them a fixed status as to education. It certainly would be wise for parents to induce their children to pass the entrance examination, for even if the youngsters quit school for a few years, they should be able to go back again and take their place in the Collegiate Institute. When a boy is applying for a position and is able to say that he has passed the entrance or leaving examination, the man from whom he is asking employment will know at once where to place him, though all those who have passed the same tests are by no means on the same level, for they perhaps may not have the ability to apply what they know.

Principal Manley of the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute has added another chapter to the discussion by showing how ignorant the parents are of the forms necessary to ensure the promotion of their children from the Public to the High schools. Surely the Public school teachers are largely to blame for such delinquencies as these; but as there is friction, and has been for years, between the Public and High School Boards, and many changes have been proposed or made, it is possible that the children have not been made to understand the exact meaning of the regulations in force. A condition which makes possible such a lack of knowledge as Principal Manley has declared to be to blame for many scholars not writing at the entrance examination, is not creditable. The controversy between the two school boards does credit to neither. The overlapping of the two systems should be done away with at once

stolen from the Conservatives. It is really wonderful how little the Liberals have ever been able to think out for themselves, and yet with what judgment they have appropriated the best things produced by the gigantic and bulging brows of those who for many years have been unable to obtain power in Ontario and were not able to hold it at Ottawa. Mr. Whitney, as a precautionary measure, is not going to wash out the set of principles for his policy until it will be too late for the Liberals to rob his clothes-line. It is said that some very pretentious people never have their washing hung out in the back yard till after dark so that none of the neighbors will be able to see how little there is of it and how ragged that little is in important places. The leader of the Ontario Opposition, however, tells us that this is not his reason, but, like Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, whom he quoted, the Opposition "are not going to lend him (Ross) our prescriptions while he takes the fees." I do not agree with the local Conservative paper which thinks this is a very smart saying. If Mr. Whitney and his followers have a policy which would benefit Ontario and have been concealing it about their persons for the last three or four years, they have not been doing their sworn duty to the constituencies which they represent, or the province generally. Doing the greatest possible good to Ontario should be a higher aim than the obtaining of "fees" by being able to seize office. If these men are in the Legislature in the hope of making money by snatching the reins of government, we have a right to suspect them of being mercenaries, not patriots. It is well known that when the then Mr. Meredith was leader of the Opposition all his legal knowledge, foresight and ability were devoted to the obtaining of the best possible legislation and strict

ing non-unionists from working for them. A railroad also sued a union which, when on strike, was active in keeping non-unionists from taking employment on the railway. These companies have assumed that this liability rests with the unions, and the House of Lords has sustained this opinion, and as many of the labor organizations in England possess large funds, the verdict obtained against them by the railroad company and the mill-owners will denude them of all their spare cash. These suits brought by the employers have fallen like a thunderbolt on some of the unions, which are now trying to obtain legislation which will limit their responsibility. This is a phase of it which I had not considered, and it is now evident others were considering the topic before I took hold of it. It seems fair enough, however, except that the capitalists, having unlimited money, may be able to litigate for an unlimited time and make no end of expense, while the unions would soon find themselves without any more cash with which to resist. Nevertheless, the present situation which is alarming unionists may bring about some such compromise as a reciprocal liability in case of accidents to operatives for which employers are responsible, and loss of time and damage to machinery and material for which the workmen are responsible. Of one thing we may be sure, that employers would like to see some measure of responsibility undertaken by the unions, for then they could afford to pay higher wages, knowing that organized labor would be careful to whom it gave union cards. Just now it is up to the point where a British judge said that as unions considered their members as a unit when making demands, they must take the same position when resisting a suit.

THE management of the Industrial Fair got such an unmerciful keel-hauling last year that the popular tendency to find fault seemed to exhaust itself, and this year there is a disposition to praise the show unstintedly and to attribute whatever small shortcomings have been noticeable not to the management, but to the indifference of the people of Toronto. Probably it was a good thing for the management to get a waking up last fall, and it may be an equally good thing that the ratepayers are now being made to realize that the Fair, which is one of the most valued institutions the city possesses, will not run itself, the co-operation and support of all citizens being needed to preserve and extend its usefulness. The Industrial Exhibition has been and is an immense success, in the face of much local apathy and despite many local "knockers." The amount of money it causes to circulate in Toronto every fall can hardly be computed. If the Fair were to lose its hold on exhibitors and ultimately on the people of Ontario, the result could only be disastrous to Toronto, and it might be hard to revive the popularity of a moribund and discredited organization. Fortunately there appears to be no question of the Fair becoming moribund. The large attendance this week has dispelled whatever fears may have been gathering as to an excessive loss. Yet it is generally felt that a forward policy must be adopted. New buildings are needed, and needed urgently, as was demonstrated by the soaking to which exhibits were subjected in last Saturday's downpour. The ratepayers of Toronto refused a few months since to vote money for the buildings required. The question is, would they refuse to do so again? Their last expression of opinion on this matter was largely a vote of want of confidence in the way the Fair had been managed, it being felt that too much prominence was being given to the side-show features and not enough to the primary objects of an exhibition. Another cause that doubtless contributed to the defeat of the by-law was that the public had not been taken frankly into the confidence of the Exhibition directorate as to the number, kind and purposes of the buildings it was proposed to erect. If another appeal is to be made to the ratepayers, explicit assurances on these points will be in order. Toronto might as well give up any notion of receiving a special grant from the Dominion for the Fair. There is, in fact, no reason why such a grant should be necessary, however justifiable it might be under certain conditions, and this city only makes itself cheap in importuning continually for something it has no prospect of obtaining.

WHILE criticism of the Fair has been of a very mild and subdued kind, the point is taken by "Canadian," writing to one of the evening papers, that "Americanism" has been too prominent a note in this year's programme. The Stars and Stripes have been displayed side by side with the British flag, and as the writer of the letter referred to says, it is cause for wonder that the military authorities do not prevent amusement managers desecrating a British army ceremony such as the military tattoo, by putting in a United States band to play United States airs. I occupied a seat in the grand stand throughout one of the evening performances, and was surprised at the prominence given in the military spectacle to the Yankee flag and to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" which was certainly played oftener than the "Maple Leaf," "Rule Britannia," or "God Save the King." The Industrial Exhibition is not an international fair, and it is poor policy on the part of those in charge to give it that aspect. It might be deemed to be good policy to flatter the comparatively few visitors who drift over from the United States, but these people are an insignificant section from a numerical or financial point of view, compared with the hundreds of thousands of Canadians who resent the granting of courtesies that are never reciprocated in the Republic either at fairs or elsewhere. In this connection it may be recalled how the British flags over an Ontario exhibit at Buffalo were handled. The respect of United Statesers is not to be won by flattery, which only contributes to their mistaken belief that they are the only nation of any account on the American continent. The Industrial Fair is a Canadian institution, supported by Canadian money, and it ought to be kept true to its name and uncontaminated by the cheap and tawdry form of international slopping-over that has been so disgusting on the stage and in conventions.

A YOUNG clergyman in a small New Jersey town recently took his life by hanging because, as alleged, he could not endure the gossip and criticism of his parishioners upon his marriage to the organist of the church. An unmarried preacher is generally regarded as legitimate game by many of the young ladies of his congregation, and it is no doubt a scandalous thing and a misdemeanor for a minister to disappoint the hopes of all the papas and mamas and of all the eligible daughters, by marrying the organist. This is the sort of thing that lends itself readily to the arts of the common sewing-circle gossip. Observation will convince anyone that charity is as rare a virtue in the organizations that are supposed to serve some philanthropic purpose as in the walks of life where only the hard ethics of commerce and competition hold sway. More scandals have been hatched in the small communities where petty tattle is retailed to and fro, than in the crowded places of the world where men and women are too busy to care about the doings of their acquaintances and neighbors, much less to canvass them in a spirit of spiteful uncharitableness. This is where one gets the dark side of country life and one of the brighter aspects of city life. There is gossip in every social circle or set, whether in town or



RABBIS STUDYING THE TALMUD.

(Illustrating "Don's" Travel Talks on page 7, a series of views of Egypt, Palestine and Italy, will continue to be published for several weeks to come.)

and a smooth and progressive plan presented to each Public school pupil. Now that the fee for the first form of the High school has been abolished it will be no public hardship if the fifth form be dropped out of the Public school curriculum.

Principal Groves, of the Church street school, in a courteous letter calls attention to the fact that Dr. Ferguson's figures do his institution an injustice. I can quite believe this, for the Church street school is, if not the best, one of the best in the city, and is managed with energy and ability. Teachers of some other Public schools in Toronto would probably fail to show the same standing, though, as Mr. Groves says, it is not the habit of himself or those under him to teach for examinations. This is rather a vague way of putting it, for there must be tests of fitness applied to the pupil who intends to obtain a finished education, from time to time, and one of the proper places for such an examination is upon entrance to the Collegiate Institutes, and certainly encouragement rather than discouragement should be offered to the pupils who propose to undergo the test of examination. Enough, however, has been brought out in the bad showing which Toronto has made at the entrance examinations to cause a search for the reason of it all; to incline teachers and parents to make education a definite rather than a vague and inoperative thing, and to induce Inspector Hughes to lecture to his teachers sometimes, though he may not be able to figure so largely on the lecture platform elsewhere.

MR. J. P. WHITNEY, leader of the Provincial Opposition, occupied the platform at Victoria Hall for three hours last Monday night, in order to set clearly before the delegates to the Ontario Conservative Association his exceedingly low opinion of the Ross Government. The audience was small, and the speech was not of the large variety—in fact, added nothing to the copious literature developed on the hustings and in Parliamentary debates. Like the Liberals when they were in Opposition in the Dominion, he was able to draw up a lengthy and resonant indictment of the party in power, showing their sins as scarlet, but nothing was developed of a character which would make an elector "pause and reflect." No one needed to be told that Mr. Whitney and his colleagues in their own estimation have been the only statesmanlike people in the Provincial Legislature, nor was anyone aching to hear how little Mr. Whitney himself thought of his opponents. Of course the old charges were all reiterated, together with the one now made against the Ottawa Liberals that all the good things in their programme were

enforcement of laws. He never held back as if he had a patent right on his ideas of how the legislative and executive machine should be run. I have always contended that much of the good government we enjoyed during the time of Mr. Meredith's presence in Parliament was owing not so much to the ability of Sir Oliver Mowat and his colleagues, as to the high and statesmanlike attitude of the leader of the Opposition. True, he did not obtain office, largely because he was surrounded by men who took the same small view of their duties as is apparently held by Mr. Whitney. The latter gentleman tells us that Ontario is sick politically, financially and morally on account of the misdemeanors of the Ross Government. He also informs us that he has, and has had, a prescription which would restore it to health, increase its wealth, and result in the elevation of the moral tone of elections. This, however, he admits he is holding back in order that he may collect the fees if any cure is made or if the medicine sells well. If two doctors are engaged to look after the health of a patient, as Mr. Whitney and Mr. Ross both are, what right has the former to tell the patient languish right up to death, as Mr. Whitney would have us believe Ontario is doing, rather than aid by his skill and knowledge of a cure for which his opponent would obtain the greater fees, though probably not the greater honors? Altogether this piece of smart repartee leaves a bad taste in one's mouth and makes us fear that Dr. Whitney is more or less of a quack who is looking more for office and fees than the good of his patient.

A COUPLE of years ago when I first made the suggestion that trades unions should be willing to hold themselves responsible for the skill, honesty and industry of their members, and be liable for any damages caused by carelessness, maliciousness, intemperance, or incapacity, I felt quite alone in the industrial world as an advocate of such a plan. The employers have long been liable to their workmen for bad or carelessly guarded machinery, poor scaffolding, bad elevators, derricks, in fact anything liable to cause damage to an employee. It struck me that if an employer was liable to his employees, the Unions which force the employers to accept certain men and pay a certain rate of wages and to keep fixed hours, with weekly pay days, etc., should be liable for the men they cause to be employed. This theory took considerable hold amongst some New York employers' associations, but nothing was done. In Great Britain just now some of the employers' associations are suing certain unions who, on strike, damaged their business by putting out pickets and hinder-

country. But the personal contacts of city people are more limited on all sides than those of persons who live where everybody is known to everybody else. Scandal in a small place often means a social boycott from which there can be no escape. To know everyone and to be given the stony stare by everyone is an experience that none but the stoutest natures can long withstand. In a city it matters less what people say, and there are fewer persons waiting to be influenced by what may be said. Many a Canadian preacher who has occupied some small field will be able to sympathize in large measure with the feelings of the New Jersey brother who decided that his life had become not worth the living. Suicide, of course, is a poor way out of such a difficulty. The minister who hanged himself was one more example of what a distorted sense of values will do for a man. He attached too much importance to the opinion of those by whom for the time being he was assailed, and too little to his own convictions of right and the love of the woman he had married. The curse of malicious slander is that very frequently it distorts its victim's sense of values and renders him incapable of acting wisely.

WHEN Mayor Howland started in to organize a municipal love-feast, heartless critics sneered and predicted it would be only a cold lunch. However, it must be admitted that the Mayor at last touched off a fuse that did not miss fire. The love-feast drew guests from afar. From nearly all the eastern provinces came delegates, and Ontario municipalities were generally represented. Critics of the Ontario Government have long pointed its relations with corporations in such sinister hues that it came as a mild surprise to learn that other provinces were not prepared to concede to Ontario any unique and singular position as the prostrate victim of corporate greed and legislative incapacity. The inference from the fact that Quebec and Nova Scotia, for example, sent municipal bigwigs to Toronto to attend Mayor Howland's convention, is that in those provinces municipalities experience similar difficulties to those we imagined were limited to Ontario. No doubt it was a good thing for so many mayors and Reeves and clerks to meet together in brotherly love. The "permanent" organization—if it prove permanent—may be productive of good. But a municipal association has already existed for some years in Ontario without seriously disturbing the alleged corporation safe-blowers in their nefarious activities, and how Mayor Howland's new detective agency, with its constantly changing personnel, is to accomplish a miracle, has not yet been explained. It may be that not one of the officers elected will have his municipal head on his shoulders after next January. Mayor Howland may be effaced from the map. Mayor Morris of Ottawa, Mayor Read of Owen Sound, and Mayor Light-hall of Westmont, may all be enjoying the repose of private life. These untoward things are unlikely to happen, perhaps. But the point is that the corporations whose influence is alleged to be so persuasive with Cabinet Ministers and legislators never die, nor even sleep. Men may come and men may go, but they pull strings forever. An association that will meet once per annum and will be made up mostly of strange faces at every such meeting, is to go up against the silent, united and secret forces that work to a definite end every day in the three hundred and sixty-five.

I have not the slightest doubt that the great majority of those who responded to Mayor Howland's pressing call came in good faith, with the idea of protecting municipal interests. But it is worth remembering that the Mayor of Toronto, municipally, was rocked in the cradle of political intrigue and rocked into the position he now occupies. Let us hear some explanation of why he should be the self-appointed big push of a vigilance committee to keep the legislators straight. If it can be said that the municipalities have been forced to organize to protect themselves from the Ontario Government, it will be a point for Mayor Howland's allies of the Whitney stripe on every stump throughout the country. Yet what have Mr. Whitney and his rural followers done, more than the Government side, to grapple with the evils Mayor Howland complains of? If we are to have any White Cap business, let us know who have been selected as the victims. Do the vigilantes intend to surround the Parliament Buildings up in Queen's Park when only Mr. Ross and his colleagues are there, or are they going up some time when Colonel Whitney and his friends can also be captured? What legislative fruit is to dangle on the tall timber at the behest of the Howland White Caps? These are points everybody would like to hear about.

Announcement.

Next week's "Saturday Night" will contain an entertaining descriptive account, with illustrations, of the tour of the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., in Canada in 1860. In view of the approaching visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, this article is especially timely. It cannot fail to interest both those who remember the Royal visit of 1860 and those who have never read of its details. Several illustrations not heretofore published will be used. Extra copies may be ordered in advance.

Social and Personal.

Infinitely sad and pathetic has been the record of bereavements suffered by that most domestic and devoted of husbands and fathers, M. Eugene Masson. But a few weeks ago, notices of the death of his father and a beautiful daughter appeared in our columns. Last week a notice of the coming of a little daughter was written, and to-day it is sad to record the death of the bright, sweet little mother, Madame Masson was a Parisian, and on her marriage and arrival here a few years ago was only able to hold converse with English-speaking friends by nods and bright smiles. But she soon became mistress of English, and though leading a very domestic life and devoting her talents to her husband and child, she made a few friends who appreciated her many charming traits. I have not had particulars of her death, but her transport of grief so recently over the death of her first child had doubtless its sad sequel when a second burden of motherhood was laid upon her. Monsieur Masson has the sincere sympathy of many friends in this sad loss.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at St. Paul's Church, Kingston, on Wednesday morning, when Miss Eff Power, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Power, Sydenham street, was married to Mr. Frederick Denison of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Carr. The bride wore a sapphire blue camelhair gown, tailor-made, and a stylish little blue straw turban, with soft eury trimmings. The bridesmaid was Miss Gertrude Power, sister of the bride, who wore a brown cloth gown trimmed with eury lace. The groomsmen were Mr. Edgar Denison of Toronto, brother of the groom. Only the relatives and immediate friends were present. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Denison took the train for Toronto, Niagara Falls, and other places, before proceeding to their new home at Stuart, near Chatham. The groom is the eldest son of the late Colonel Fred C. Denison of Rusholme, Toronto, and is a graduate of the Royal Military College. The church, in which Miss Power was a moving spirit, was prettily decorated for her marriage.

Considerable spirit has developed among the West End Islanders this summer and their sports have been well gotten up. On Wednesday evening an event which has always been a success was the annual dance given at the Rowing Club Hall, Hanlan's Point. The large hall was decorated, an excellent orchestra provided, and nice refreshments served. The dance was well attended, as usual, and everyone enjoyed it. It is possible that next year there will be a series of hops on Wednesday evenings in connection with the West End Islanders' Association, which will give the young set three island dances a week, beside the many private dances, which are always so enjoyable at the Association Hall at Center Island. This hall is so much in demand

that hostesses desiring to give dances have sometimes to wait for weeks to secure a free Wednesday evening.

The guests of the President and Board of the Exhibition have much enjoyed the luncheons, dinners and suppers incidental to their visit in Toronto. On the "real" day, "Farmers' Day," September 4th, Dr. Smith had the Commissioner of Crown Lands, Hon. E. J. Davis, Mr. George E. Foster, and Senator Melvin-Jones to his right and left, and each made a speech. Mr. Davis and the Senator both advocating big things. Mr. Foster was very quaint and humorous in his farming pretensions, and looked the coolest thing on record in a dandy white flannel suit. Mr. McLaren of Stratford was a handsome and much commended guest, also Mr. Ogilvie of Montreal, who has a splendid deep voice, and said very nice things about the bow-wows at the Fair. Senator Melvin-Jones made several practical suggestions, and touched upon the water-front possibilities in a very happy sentence. The usual compliments were paid to the Exhibition Board, and some just criticisms on the penny-wise policy of the Council in pinching the estimates. It is to be hoped the object lesson of ruined exhibits, furious exhibitors, and important officers sending about after tarpaulins to protect the goods from a downpour won't be lost upon the Toronto public when the time comes to vote upon the by-law in January.

"Town Topics" says that the Cameron residence in Madison avenue is placarded with "To rent, furnished," signs, for the first time in the history of the Cameron family, and draws therefrom the conclusion that none of the late Sir Roderick's children can afford to keep it up and that Mr. Duncan Cameron will continue living abroad.

Dr. Bruce Riordan has returned from a famous trip to the West Coast, where he traveled en prince with two or three other lucky medicos from Eastern cities as the guest of Mr. Fitzhugh. All sorts of good times were done full justice to, and the trip was of unalloyed enjoyment all through.

Among the quite numerous Toronto families who prefer the rest and quiet of their own beautiful homes in summer to the dubious comfort of health resorts and crowded seaside hotels, are Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, whose artistic and shaded residence is a very delightful place in summer. Always a gracious and admired figure in society, Mrs. MacMahon is nowhere so charming as in her own home, and has no more courtly cavalier than the Judge himself, who is to all his friends the very soul of hospitality and courtesy. In the half-dozen couples who remain in comfort and restful enjoyment of a summer without social obligations or flurry of moving about "en voyage," one remarks a "savoir vivre" of superior merit all the year round.

The idea of building an entrance to the Queen's Park in the shape of handsome stone pillars at the Avenue road intersection with Bloor street has not been at all considered enough, nor its very desirable points accented as they should be. It is a project reflecting great credit upon the Daughters of the Empire, and far the most satisfactory one yet mooted to give permanent honor to our Royal visitors. A memory of some of the fine gates in the Old Land will occur to anyone who has an eye for the beautiful, and a glance at the present weird condition of the Bloor street entrance will convince the most unobservant that here is a chance to plant a handsome gateway where it will show off to the best advantage. The women who are considering ways and means are not the talkers, but the workers, in such matters, our brightest, brainiest, and most liberal and prominent ladies, and I shall be much astonished if they do not accomplish something permanent and beautiful instead of the costly and evanescent arches first suggested which are at the mercy of the elements, even for their one significance.

Clam-bakes are the amusement on the coast near New York, but at Center Island the chef d'oeuvre of the season was a "corn boil" given on Tuesday evening, with lovely warm weather and a late rising moon. The corn was boiled on the cob in huge cauldrons over open-air fires and distributed to the company with plenty of butter. It was quite a novel and agreeable "plenty."

The grand review of troops in honor of His Royal Highness the heir apparent is to be held at the Exhibition Park, which will enlarge its borders accordingly, and probably prove an excellent place both for soldiers and sight-seers. Dr. Borden gave it a look over on Wednesday, when he paid a flying visit to town, and was entertained at luncheon at McConkey's by some friends.

The San Francisco "Argonaut" says: "Onoto Watanabe, the author of A Japanese Nightingale, which is to be brought out soon, is one of a number of children born to an English consul, who married a native of Japan and subsequently held a Government position at Toronto. She is only twenty-three years of age, and her short stories have appeared in many Eastern magazines."

Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald, who has had an attack of fever of considerable gravity, is now fortunately much better, though, I believe, not able to be out yet.

Mr. and Mrs. John Carruthers and the Misses Carruthers, who went to Preston Springs on their return from England in July, are to settle in Toronto, having made up their minds Canada suits them best. The many friends of this estimable and popular family are glad of their return.

The many friends made by Madame Brodeur, wife of the Speaker of the Dominion House, have been thinking of her with much sympathy lately. First a beloved brother was suddenly called by death, and I have heard while writing that her mother has also been taken from her this week. The severe illness of Madame Brodeur's mother makes this sad news probable, but I have not yet confirmed it.

Mrs. Frank Macdonald, who has been at the seaside, is to visit Mrs. Worthington at Sherbrooke, Que.

A splendid photo of Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney caught my eye a day or two since. They are surely young-looking great-grandparents. And there is at Waveney also another photo of the couple taken just half a hundred years ago, of which I think they are also entitled to be a bit proud.

Mr. and Mrs. Billet have gone to the West, and will be very much missed by all their circle. The big, handsome Englishman and his clever little wife, who is a daughter of Mr. Hugh Sutherland, were very popular in Toronto.

In honor of the visit of the Brantford tennis players to the Victoria Club, a very pretty tea was given, and Mrs. S. Alfred Jones (nee Crowe of Brantford), was a lovely and cordial hostess. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones are ex-residents of Brantford, and welcomed the players with an added interest on that account.

Tennis being over at Niagara-on-the-Lake, golf takes its place this week. Among the players from Toronto are Colonel Young and Major Nelles of Stanley Barracks. Mrs. Nelles has been for some time in Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Mr. Headley and Miss Ethel Baldwin, which takes place in St. Thomas' church on the 18th.

Colonel Lessard, C.B., has taken a house in St. Vincent street, and his three young daughters are to reside in Toronto. The eldest Miss Lessard is about sixteen years

of age, and all three are enchanted at the prospect of being with their father, and will no doubt find Toronto a pleasant home.

Judge Lister and Mrs. Lister have returned from their summer holiday down east. They recently leased that pretty home in Walmer road formerly occupied by Mrs. Homer Dixon, where they will continue the pleasant hospitalities which their friends so much appreciated in their Bloor street home.

The marriage of Miss Henrica Louise Geare, daughter of Mrs. William Northcote Geare, and Mr. George Edgar Hartman takes place at 53 St. Claire street, Chicago, on Wednesday, October 2, at half-past eight p.m. The bride and groom are both ex-Torontonians.

Mrs. A. R. Creelman and her family returned from a visit to Montreal and Quebec last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Macdonald, who, I am told, return home to-day, have been on a visit to Mrs. Grant Macdonald in St. Joseph street.

Mrs. Drynan of Collingwood spent a few days in town on her return from England this week.

Mrs. Grantham, after her return from a pleasant time at Darnley, P.E.I., took the Saguenay trip, and returns to Toronto in a day or two.

Mrs. Alan Sullivan is expected on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Hees, this fall. By the way, I was sorry to learn that Miss Norah Sullivan has suffered an injury to her knee during the holidays, which will probably keep this active young lady an unwilling prisoner to some extent.

In answer to a query (tres a la hate), I would say that announcements of a marriage in no way can be regarded as invitations, though if the bride is settled in the neighborhood they suggest the politeness of calling on her.

Hon. Edward Blake came to Toronto this week, and is the guest of his brother, Mr. S. H. Blake, in Jarvis street. Mr. Hume Blake, who has been seriously ill, was so far recovered as to be brought home to Toronto a few days since.

Dr. Oronhyatekha, that indefatigable organizer and successful man, has gone to the antipodes in the interests of the I.O.F.

Mrs. W. H. Beatty is giving a tea this afternoon at her home in Queen's Park. The grand arch which is being erected near this home will be one of the handsomest in the Dominion.

Mr. R. S. Williams, manager of the Bank of Commerce, Godrich, and his pretty daughter, Miss Ethel Williams, who was a belle at some of the dances last season, were in town on Monday, en route for the Pan.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell returned from the Atlantic seacoast, where they have spent the summer, on Wednesday, and Mrs. Riddell went down to Cobourg next morning for a visit to relatives.

Miss Carrie M. Davis of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and Miss Blanch La Rue of Watertown, N.Y., are visiting Mrs. O'Regan, 41 Woodlawn avenue.

The arrival of four British men-of-war has livened the Eastern ports up a bit this week. One or two of the officers are likely to visit their people hereabouts.

Judge Morson returned to town this week after a most enjoyable trip through England and Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yeigh and Mrs. Wilkie are in town after a very delightful summer in Europe.

Lieut. W. G. Rigg and Lieut. N. A. Sullivan of the Royal Navy, and Captain G. R. Pridham of the Royal Engineers, all of whom are stationed at Pekin, are in Toronto this week on their way to England on furlough.

Colonel and Mrs. J. I. Davidson and the Misses Davidson have been enjoying a visit to the Pan-American Exhibition.

Mr. D. R. Wilkie is taking a business trip at the West Coast.

The programme for the Hunt Club Fall Races is out and is anticipated with much satisfaction.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Miss Bessie Macdonald are in the Austrian Tyrol, near Innsbruck.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi have returned from Woodington, Muskoka. Miss Arnoldi is still enjoying a holiday down east.

Mrs. Whyte Fraser was in town this week en route from England to the Yukon.

Would Not Abase Himself.

REWARDS are the salt of public life and national service; but now and then arises a rare spirit who declares that the sense of duty accomplished is the highest dignity. The "Illustrated London News" tells of an officer in the Imperial Light Horse who had been made a C.B. and begged permission to forego the honor on the ground that he wished to serve the King without ornament. His request was readily granted; and the King must have felt no small sense of refreshment at the novelty of this particular act of grace. Monarchs have an extensive and peculiar knowledge of human nature, and when they happen to be surprised, especially by unlooked-for self-denial, they must cherish a grateful remembrance of a new sensation. There are many pleasant stories of the King. One of them, related by the paper above mentioned, would have been a joy to Thackeray, for it shows that the regal dignity may be keenly alive to a humorous situation. One of the King's oldest friends went to call upon him just after his accession. On the stairs the visitor was met by an equerry, who wore a very solemn face. "Let me warn you," said he, "that things are not what they were." "What do you mean?" "Well, you can't go into the King's presence in the old free and easy way. You'll have to make an obeisance." "A what?" blurted out the visitor, a genial Irish nobleman, who had never made an obeisance in his life. "Oh, it's a bow from the small of your back. That isn't all. The King may offer you an Order; but before that you'll have to kiss his hand!" This was too much for the Irish nobleman, who indignantly spluttered something to the effect that he had never kissed a man's hand, and was not going to begin. The equerry looked still more solemn, and the visitor continued his way up stairs with a brow of perplexity. The King received him very gravely, with a slight inclination of the head, and no other sign of recognition. "Faith, it's the blessed obeisance, I suppose," thought the Irish nobleman, and he did his best with the manoeuvre from the small of the back. Something glimmered across the King's face; then he silently extended his hand with the back of it upmost. His faithful subject stared at the hand, grew very red in the face, made a clutch and caught the King by the wrist. They looked at each other, and the King burst into hearty laughter. "You're not kissing my hand," said he, highly delighted; "you're tickling my wrist!" Then he put his hand into a drawer, and added, "After that I won't offer you an Order!"

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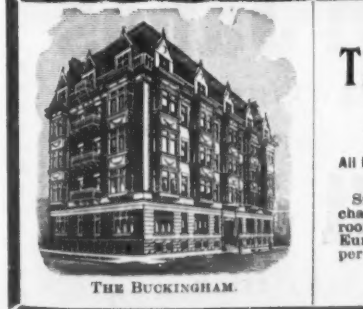
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Social and Personal.

THE engagement of Miss Emma M. Mills, third daughter of Mr. John Mills, to Mr. Arthur W. Draper of Chicago is announced. The wedding will take place about the end of October.

Mrs. Frederick W. Tisdale will hold her post-nuptial reception at 13 Lakeview avenue on the second Tuesday and Wednesday in September, instead of the first Tuesday and Wednesday as previously announced.

Mrs. J. W. Bradley, vocal teacher of the Conservatory of Music, has returned from Old Orchard Beach, Maine, and will be at the Conservatory prepared to receive pupils on September 3, 1901.

On Wednesday evening, August 28, a very pretty house wedding took place at the residence of Mr. James Brown, Eglinton, when his daughter, Miss Louise Brown, was married to Mr. Edwin Frederick Ashmead of Toronto. Rev. J. W. Stewart being the officiating clergyman. The young and pretty bride wore white organdie and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Cliftona Dowson, wore white muslin and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. John Wood was the best man. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion, and the presents were very much admired by the invited guests. The happy couple left amid a shower of rice from their friends. Owing to a recent bereavement in the bridegroom's family their contemplated tour was considerably shortened, and they returned, after an absence of a few days, to their residence, No. 16 Belmont street.

A most entertaining cake-walk was held at the Royal Muskoka Hotel on Saturday evening last, prior to the closing, which takes place shortly. The participants in the cake-walk were the colored waiters, one-half of whom represented darky belles. Mr. Glavadin Jones and wife, of New Jersey, winners of the first prize (the cake), Mr. and Mrs. Twohyfour of Montreal, winners of the second prize (a fine pair of Muskoka chickens); Mr. Tenderfoot and Mrs. T. of New Orleans, winners of the third (an extra fine watermelon); Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Watermelon of New York city, Mr. Never-Get-Left and wife of Buffalo, Grand Mogul Hezekiah Jackson, master of ceremonies, Judge Lount, Messrs. D. Burke Simpson, K. C., A. Hotchkiss, W. Robb and Hugo Ross were the judges of the contest. The prizes were presented by Judge Lount, who made a very humorous speech, which was followed by a hop, at which a great many of the islanders were present. A few of the contingent were Judge and Mrs. Lount, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. D. Burke Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. T. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Sawyer and Mr. Derricksoz. Mrs. and Miss De La Plaine of Wheeling, W. Va.; the Misses Hughes, Mr. A. Monteth and party from Rosseau, Major Cockburn, V. C., Mrs. T. Tait, Mr. Frank Strathay, Captain MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. Jephcott, Mr. Bert Harris and party, Mr. T. H. MacMillan, Messrs. Robb, Ross, Howard, Morley, Clark, Donald, and many others were also present.

On Friday of last week Rev. Mr. Hart, rector of St. Mary's Church, received a "lunge" weighing 11 1/2 pounds, caught and sent by Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Goodman, who, with their family, are summering at Rice Lake. This is the largest fish taken from Rice Lake this season.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Pavey of St. Thomas are guests in town this week of Mr. and Mrs. C. Henderson, Gerald street.

Dr. R. Gordon McLean has returned from his holidays.

A pretty but quiet wedding took place on Wednesday, August 28, at noon, at St. James' Church, Crownhill, the bride being Miss Frances D. Drury, eldest daughter of the late John Drury, and the groom Dr. T. J. Caldwell. The bridesmaid was the bride's sister, Miss M. C. Drury, and the best man Dr. J. M. Caldwell, brother of the groom. The bride was given away by her brother, Dr. J. E. Drury. The ceremony was performed by Rev. I. H. Teney. The bride wore a dress of cream silk, with embroidered chiffon trimmings, veil and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of cream roses tied with cream ribbon. The bridesmaid wore white organdie, with applique of lace, and carried pink roses tied with pink ribbon. The groom's gift to the bride was a lovely crescent of pearls, and to the bridesmaid a pearl stick-pin. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother, "Fairview," Dalston. The bride was the recipient of many useful and valuable presents. Dr. and Mrs. Caldwell left for the evening train for Toronto, Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Mr. Charles Arthur, wife and daughter of Buffalo, and Miss Arthur-Neville of Berlin are at Hotel Kent, Huntville.

Dr. Herbert G. Kent and Mrs. Kent, Avenue road, have returned from a month's holiday in Muskoka.

Miss Edith E. Shaw of 153 Close avenue has returned from a trip up the Saguenay and a two months' sojourn at Tadoussac and Cap a l'Aigle.

Miss Jenkins of Bloor street east has

returned home, after a stay of some weeks on Lake Scugog and at "The Maples," Uxbridge.

Mr. Alexander Hamilton of Beaverton, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Ethel Hamilton; his son, Dr. Hamilton of Toronto; Mr. Angus Cameron and Mr. M. Stroud of Beaverton, paid a pleasant and very enjoyable visit to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo last week.

Miss Muldrew of New York is the guest of her mother, at 239 Huron street.

Professor E. Charlton Black, LL.D., with Mrs. Black (Agnes Knox) and family, of Boston, is the guest of his brother, Rev. Armstrong Black, this week.

Miss McCarroll has returned to Toronto, after having spent a very pleasant vacation at Niagara-on-the-Lake and "Maple Villa," Port Perry.

The Yacht Club dance on Monday evening looked more like one of the old-time reunions than it has done this year. There were not so many strange faces as usual; the bright birds of passage have, most of them, flitted homeward again, and a good many of our own dancing folks have "returned to their muttons," looking very brown and merry and Muskoka-fied. I never saw so many fresh, pretty white muslin and lace frocks flitting round the salle de danse as were there on Monday, worn by the young Canadian girls as only they can wear them. The startling garb affected by some of the transient attendants at the summer dances hasn't been much in evidence this year. The wondrous bonnet of the little Southerner, and the childish décolletage of the other small body who charmed so many last year, were missing. An Elmiria belle made people sit up once with a stunning gown, and some marvelous hats have happened.

The Misses Post of Riverside, California, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith of Sherbourne street, with Miss Byrne, at the Yacht Club dance on Monday. Mrs. Julie Wyman and her charming young daughter, Loraine, were also welcomed by many friends at this dance. Miss Aileen Carveth, looking the picture of a lovely and happy young girl, was besieged with partners and welcomes on her return from a long visit in England and the Continent.

Two young Torontonians whose names are often mentioned with enquiries and regrets for their absence are Mr. Tom Plummer and Mr. Roy Wood, now soldiers of the King, and having not at all a bad time of it at Malta.

Miss Katherine Shearer of Detroit spent a week in town, and was much welcomed by Toronto friends at the Yacht Club on Monday evening. She was obliged to return home on Tuesday, much to the regret of many who had only a glimpse of her clever bright face.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark and their family are, I hear, either home or immediately returning from the Atlantic Sea coast. Sir William and Lady Meredith have had a delightful sojourn at Scarborough Beach, Me. Mr. George Sears returned last week from that resort, looking very well and happy.

The death of Miss Elizabeth Mackenzie, daughter of Mr. William Lyon Mackenzie, and sister of Mrs. Charles Lindsey, took place in St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago. The remains were brought to Toronto and interred here on Wednesday. Many old residents of Toronto were interested in this news, and regretted its sad import.

Mrs. Frederick J. Campbell is visiting her father, Mr. Coates, in Ottawa, while Mrs. Coates is with Toronto relatives on a visit.

The Misses Fleury were bright guests at the R.C.Y.C. on Monday evening. Mr. W. Fleury, Mr. and Mrs. George Blaikie and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Campbell were of the same party.

Chevalier and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson returned from England via Halifax this week. Mrs. Thompson has spent four delightful months with her English relatives, and has received great benefit from her trip. Her sons and daughters were most happy to have her home again. Mrs. Fritz Fox (nee Thompson) has gone to Montreal for a fortnight, where her husband is transacting some business. She has

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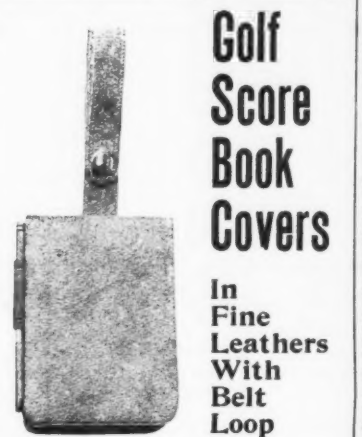
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been spending the heated term with some of Mr. Fox's relatives near Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander and their family are all home again. Mrs. Alexander and her son and daughter are just back from Minnikow, and are in raptures over their sojourn there. The host of the pension has made it so pleasant for the party of nice people who have spent the summer there that it is expected some more will go up during September and October. The air and weather are beautiful then on the Georgian Bay.

A little after noon on Monday, September 2, at Emmanuel Baptist Church, Toronto, Miss Charlotte Hall, daughter of Mrs. William Hall of 64 McKenzie crescent, was married to Mr. Sidney O. Tresidder of Michipicoten Harbor, Algoma, son of the Rev. H. J. Tresidder of London, England. The bride, who looked very sweet, carried a large bouquet of white roses, and wore her going-away gown of tulle blue, with an embroidered blouse of white batiste, with hat to match. The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Welton, in the presence of the bride's family, Mrs. Hutchison and Mr. Howlett of Oshawa, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Clarke and Miss Ethel Clarke, Mr. Frank S. Knowland, and several other intimate friends. Miss Hall was attended by her little sister, Miss Eunice Hall. The best man was Mr. Howlett. Mr. and Mrs. Tresidder left on the "Chippewa" at two o'clock for Niagara Falls and the Pan-American Exposition, to return on Friday for a few days' stay in the city before leaving for their home in far-off Algoma.

Dr. and Mrs. Cattermole and Miss Enid Wornum are spending some time in Milverton. Miss Wornum has been on a visit to friends in Stratford and the vicinity of Owen Sound. Next week the party (a trio) will go to some of the Georgian Bay towns for September and October, perhaps returning to Toronto, where Miss Wornum's friends hope she will spend the winter.

On Monday evening Mr. Melbourne

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Oliver, one of the younger members of the R.C.Y.C., was the host of a delightful little dinner in honor of his cousin, Miss Aileen Carveth. Mrs. George Macdonald, Mrs. Carveth, Mr. and Mrs. McCallum, Mr. Massey and Mr. Wood were among the guests who dined at a pretty round table in the place of honor on the upper balcony, as the night was of the most enchanting mildness. When later on the waning moon rose behind the willows and flooded the lagoon with silvery light, the Yacht Club's Island home was verily a dainty place to linger.
The fall regatta and At Home of the Argonaut Rowing Club will be held on Saturday afternoon, September 14, at 3 o'clock. As the At Home tickets are limited and the committee have made a rule not to accept any money at the door, members are requested to hand in the names of their friends with as little delay as possible to any of the following gentlemen: Mr. C. E. A. Goldman, Mr. Donald Burner, Mr. G. H. Doherty, Mr. C. F. Pentland, honorary secretary.
The Misses Falconbridge, younger daughters of Judge Falconbridge, who have been attending a convent school in Montreal, returned there on Tuesday.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bengough sail by the Allan Line "Corinthian" for Liverpool to-day on a visit to the Old Land, to be absent for several months.
Mrs. George M. Binns (nee Appelbe), 14 Wilton crescent, will receive her friends from 3 to 6 Thursday and Friday, October 3 and 4.

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Nick Hogaboom's Scoop.

By C. Langton Clarke.

It was the neatest piece of business chicanery in the police annals of Toronto. The detective department said so, and it ought to know; the police reporters enlarged on the deftness of the thief, and in criminal circles the "job" was referred to with breath and, with the same degree of admiration as provincial artists accord to the work of some master whose skill has raised him above the jealousy of mediocrity. The social importance of the wedding—Millionaires in Hymen's Bonds—was completely overshadowed in public interest, and in the estimation of city editors, by the daring robbery which marred the reception and sent the bride away in a state of semi-hysterics. The presents had been jealously guarded by two private detectives, with silk hats, and frock coats badly fitting and hired for the occasion. A third, garbed as a footman, had, of course, stood at the front door, to keep a sharp eye on the stream of guests lest any evil-disposed person should obtain an entrance. And yet, in spite of all precautions, four valuable pieces of jewelry had mysteriously disappeared under the very noses of the custodians.

The list, as supplied to the city force, was itemized as follows:

- 1 Diamond pin, valued at.....\$ 350
- 1 Diamond earring.....1,000
- 1 Emerald hoop ring.....250
- 1 Rope of pearls.....2,500

It was a long time since Torchlighter had enjoyed such a sensation. The social prominence of the parties lent additional publicity to the occurrence, and people who, as a rule, never looked at the society columns, eagerly scanned the list of wedding guests, and wondered who, in that provincially august catalogue, could have been the author of one of the neatest "touches" on record.

Nick Hogaboom, police reporter of the "Courier," felt a double interest in the affair, both from a personal and professional point of view. Much to his disgust, he had been assigned to write up the ceremony, the reporter staff being below its normal strength, and had with his own hand catalogued for his paper the large array of wedding gifts. He had been greatly taken with the beauty of the diamond pin, focally remarking to the society editors of the "Weekly Hearth and Home" that he "had a good mind to pinch it for his Sunday tie," and had wished, with a sigh, that he might be able to hand such a string of pearls on a certain white neck.

As police reporter of the "Courier," with a reputation for "scoops," for so exclusive news stories are called in the jargon of the press, it behooved him to get the earliest information on the subject of the robbery, and so he strolled into the office of the chief of the city detective staff, to pick up any crumbs which that august official might vouchsafe to let fall. The chief liked Nick Hogaboom as well as he permitted himself to like any of the reporters, whose premature disclosures sometimes interfered seriously with his plans, and he graciously suffered two pieces of information to be extracted—first, that Mr. Watherspoon had offered a reward of a thousand dollars for the recovery of the stolen jewelry; and, secondly, that Detective Wright, who had been assigned on the case, was ill, and that his place had been taken by Detective Bundles.

"Bundles, eh?" queried Nick, with a slight upturning of the eyebrows and an indrawing of the lips, which did not escape the keen eyes of the chief.

"Have you got any objection to my putting him in?" he asked, sarcastically.

"If you have, why, don't hesitate to say so, and I'll switch the staff around to accommodate you." The chief's eyes might be open to the deficiencies of certain members of his force, but he did not choose that others should comment on them, even by depreciatory pantomime.

Nick laughed. "Oh, Bundles is all right, I guess," he said.

"What's the matter between you and Bundles these days?" the chief enquired. "You used to be as thick as thieves. A bit too thick to suit me sometimes," he added, with a grim smile.

"Just a little difference of opinion," replied the reporter, carelessly. "We'll get over our grouse some day." He showed no inclination to pursue the conversation along these personal lines, and a few minutes later took his leave.

Passing down the stairs Nick met another reporter, to whom he imparted the routine information which he had just received. The other grinned.

"It's a pipe for the bird if old man Bundles has got the job of putting salt on his tail," he said. "Why, the old day couldn't catch the smallpox in a peshouse. He's beginning to tumble to the fact that he's getting pretty dead, but this'll blot him up some."

Two policemen, standing near, overheard the remark, and snickered appreciatively.

"Poor old Bundles!" soliloquized Nick, as he left the building. "If he doesn't get a move on, I'm afraid it's going to be a case of sack," and then he fell to meditating ruefully on his own relations with the despised detective.

It was true, as the chief had remarked, that Nicholas Hogaboom and Detective Bundles were no longer "thick," and the reason for the split was a woman. Bundles had a daughter, Mamie, a bright-faced, wholesome, attractive lass, and Mamie had found favor in the eyes of the police reporter. He had seen her on many occasions when he called for a private and confidential chat with her father, and had taken her several times to the theater with full parental sanction. He felt it hard, therefore, that, after he had obtained from the girl a blushing confession that his attachment was reciprocated, Bundles should have rounded on him and sternly refused to enter of an engagement. Nick pointed

For "Saturday Night."

out that his savings and his present salary were amply sufficient to warrant his taking a wife, but the father was obdurate, and forbade any intercourse between the young people. Consequently the two men now confined themselves to a strictly professional relationship, and spoke to one another as seldom as possible.

Nick, strolling towards the "Courier" office, paused in front of the alluring jewelry display in the windows of Mullarkey & Co. Those windows had recently held a great attraction for him, and he never passed them without stopping to select a ring, usually the most expensive in the collection, which he pictured himself as purchasing and slipping on to Mamie's finger, with an appropriate accompanying speech. Nick had that speech down pat, and he was running his eye over the ring-cases, preparatory to going through his customary mental theatrics, when he became aware that another man was also regarding the jewels, and with the eye of a connoisseur. The stranger was tall, well dressed in a frock-coat and silk hat, and wore an air of distinction.

Nick looked at him once or twice out of the corners of his eyes, and his brows drew together in a puzzled frown. For the moment Mamie was forgotten. He had seen that face recently, under circumstances which lent the recognition an additional interest, and he had seen it some years before, under other circumstances which his mind was unable to recall. As he tried in vain to locate the brain-cell in which this special memory was stored, he saw the man raise his hat, draw a handkerchief from his pocket, and, grasping it delicately between forefinger and thumb, pass it once or twice across his forehead. Then a great light broke suddenly on the young reporter, and he checked a whistle of astonishment which gathered behind his lips.

"What a cinch," he whispered, as he continued to gaze fixedly in front of him. He permitted himself the luxury of snapping the finger and thumb of the hand in his trousers' pocket, but externally he gave no sign of the triumph surging in his bosom.

"It's a case of shadow, sure," he said to himself, as the man moved away from the window, and while the tall, silk-hatted figure strolled leisurely along the street, the sturdy form of the reporter loomed behind at a convenient distance.

Before they had gone far the object of Nick's pursuit encountered the assistant manager of one of the city banks, and stopped for a few minutes' conversation. Nick, who happened to be passing a corner emporium, at once halted and became engrossed in the contents of the window, until the two separated after a warm handshake.

Now, it so happened that the bank manager lay under a slight obligation to Nick Hogaboom, and he greeted the young man pleasantly when they met.

"The man I was just talking to?" he said, in reply to Nick's artless enquiry. "Oh, that's Walter Welfern of Boston. Been here some months trying to get people interested in a patent soap-dish. Live? Has a flat at 17 Marabel street. Why? D'ye want to interview him? Just told me he was leaving for New York to-morrow for a few weeks. Well, so long! Glad to have seen you."

The bank manager hurried away, and Nick abandoned the chase. He had learned all that he wanted to know. Fifteen minutes later he rang the bell at 17 Marabel street.

"Mr. Welfern ain't in just now," said the servant who opened the door. "Did you want to see him peticular?"

"Pretty particular," replied Nick. "When would I be likely to catch him in?"

"He'll be in about ten o'clock to-night, I guess," said the servant. "He's going away to-morrow on the 8.15 train."

Nick expressed his thanks for the information and withdrew.

"Things are looking my way all right," he said, "and now to play my hand for what it's worth."

When Mamie Bundlesroth opened the door of her father's house in response to Nick's ring and saw who stood outside, she blushed and beamed, and then looked frightened.

"Paw in, Mamie," asked Nick. He winked and grinned in a manner incomprehensible to the girl, but he made no lower-like advances. Mamie's face fell.

"He's in the parlor, Ni— Mr. Hogaboom," she said, with a pathetic attempt at dignity.

"All right, Miss Bundlesroth," replied Nick, jocosely. "Just show me in, will you?" and added in a low voice, as she preceded him along the passage, "Things are coming our way at last, little girl, and we can afford to wait for paw's blessing."

Detective Bundlesroth did not wear the appearance of a hospitable host when Nick walked jauntily into the parlor, ushered in by a "Here's Mr. Hogaboom to see you, paw," from Mamie. He fixed a stony stare on his visitor, and emitted an interrogative grunt, which, translated into polite English, stood for, "To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"I dropped in to see you, Bundles," began Nick, easily, "for two reasons. First, because I want to find out whether you haven't changed your mind about Mamie—"

"I haven't, then," replied the other, sourly, "an' I don't mean to. I suppose you an' her have had a huggin' match in the passage?"

"Then you suppose wrong," said Nick. "For a detective you're a mighty poor judge of human nature. I'm playing my cards on the table and so's Mamie. There's no back-door business about us."

The detective's expression softened a little.

"It ain't no use talkin', Nick," he said. "You've got to give her up. I've got no objections to you personally, but there's right men than you wants to

marry my girl, an' she's got to take one of 'em."

Nick shrugged his shoulders. "We'll drop it, then," he said; "and now, how're things going in that Watherspoon business? The chief tells me he's put you on it. Picked up any clues yet?"

An air of profound wisdom, the air with which the professional detective masks the more or less of knowledge which he happens to possess, spread over Bundles' face.

"Youse fellows'll get to know in good time," he replied. "Mum's the word just now."

The reporter took a couple of cigars from his pocket, and rolled one across the table to his companion, who, after eyeing it for a moment with professional mistrust, bit the end off and lit it.

"It'll be a great thing for you, Bundles," said Nick, meditatively, as he blew a succession of rings and impaled them on his forefinger. "A thousand bucks ain't to be picked up every day, and then there's your rep. Say, I don't want to rub it into you, old man, but your brother cops are kind of giving you the laugh, and the papers are just a bit sore on you. They say you haven't pulled out anything since that Elberman hold-up, and that you'd never have got wise to that if one of the thugs hadn't squealed to you on the q. l."

Now, in spite of an overweening vanity, Detective Bundlesroth was aware, in the inmost recesses of his soul, that Nick Hogaboom was an ace in the truth. He had caught covert smiles on the faces of detectives and policemen when he had been expounding his theories. Humiliating references to his lack of acuteness as an officer, dropped in casual conversation by newspaper men, had come to his ears, and the chief's manner had not been as cordial of late as it used to be. There was no disguising the fact that he had failed lamentably in several cases entrusted to him, and although he had plenty of plausible explanations at command, he nevertheless felt that it behooved him to do something to re-establish a reputation which was fast becoming tarnished. The Watherspoon robbery afforded him a brilliant opportunity, but unfortunately he was at the present time as far from any solution of the mystery as ever. Nick's remarks consequently touched him on a very raw spot, and it was with no very friendly look that he replied:

"They say that, do they? Well, I'll show 'em in a little while that Bundles ain't such a stiff as they think."

"It'll be a great thing for you, sure," continued Nick, placidly. "And it would look pretty in print. Detective Bundlesroth has again shown his old-time sagacity, and demonstrated that, in spite of advancing years, his intellect is as acute, and his intuition as sure, as in the days when he bore the reputation of being one of the most astute officers on the continent." Say, how'd that hit you as part of the introduction to the story? Great, wouldn't it?"

The smile of gratified vanity, which had played over the detective's face during this recitation of a possible paragraph, faded as he realized its visionary character.

"It'd be no more'n the truth," he grunted.

"Well," said Nick, with a sigh, "it's no use gassing about what might be; I guess I'll drop over and see Emmet."

"What d'ye want to go an' see that stiff for?" queried Bundles. Emmet was a well-known private detective.

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whom the officers of the city force regarded with undisguised hostility. Bundles was especially bitter, Emmet having carried to a triumphant termination a case in which his, Bundles', lack of success had been conspicuous.

Nick blew a ring, impaled it with great exactness, and looked the detective straight in the eye.

"I want to put him next," he said. "Next to what?"

"To who pinched those bits of glass at Watherspoon's?"

"And what in h— do you know about it?" Bundles seldom swore, but he was agitated. Then Nick fired his blast.

"I know all about it," he said. "I know the man I know where he lives, and I can put my hands on Emmet. Oh, it's a lead-pipe, and to think that I've got to cough it all up to Emmet, and throw-down the force, and you in particular. Say, Bundles, why ain't we friends?"

The detective's face flushed, and his eyes bulged out. "Are you giving it to me straight, or are you putting up a bluff?" he asked.

"Bluff he damned!" replied the young man. "I've got the cards for a show-down. Look here, I'll give you a little bit of it. Some years ago I was working on a paper in—well, never mind where, but it's quite a good-sized village. There was a bad robbery trial on, and one of the slickest crooks in the States was in the dock. I was on the stand, and used to get dazed by the court room. The prisoner was a fine-looking fellow, and when the evidence was thin and there was nothing for me to do, I tried to sit and look at him. He had a trick of wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, which struck me as peculiar—sort of lady-like fashion. Well, he was convicted, and got seven years, but on his way to the pen he had a clean getaway, and I never heard that they'd pinched him again. There was a reward of five hundred out for him, which I guess is still standing. At the Watherspoon lay-out I piped this same man, but I didn't know him; couldn't think where I'd seen him. Two hours ago, in front of Mullarkey's, was this same crook standing, and I tried to size him up, but it was no go, till he pulled out his pipe and mopped his forehead with a handkerchief. Then I tumbled right off. I found out his name, where he lives, when he's going to make a sneak, and all about it, and—and I guess that's about all at present from yours truly."

There was a long pause. Nick sat smoking deliberately and gazing abstractedly into the atmosphere. The detective shifted uneasily in his seat, examined the ash of his cigar with great minuteness, and cast sidelong looks at the other. Presently he broke the silence.

"What do you want?" he asked, huskily.

"I reckon you don't wear blinders," replied the police reporter, coolly. "Now, Bundles, I'll give it to you straight. You give me your word—and you're not the man to go back on it—that I may marry Mamie inside of six months, and I'll put you next to the whole business. You can pouch all the stuff—fifteen hundred nice, juicy samoleons—and I'll see that you get all the credit that's coming. I'll square the boys on the other papers to give you the best send-off any of you cops ever had; they'll do that for me when they know I'm going to marry your girl. I'll pick the picture for you out of the gallery—it'll be there, dead sure—and we'll tell the people how Detective Bundlesroth saw the man on the street, and, possessing one of those phenomenal memories, rare among the cleverest of the force, that never forgets a face, recalled a certain photograph sent in to the office years ago, and worked this slight clue to a successful termination. Say, I'll never need to show in the business at all. I'll fix the man who handles A. P. here, and you'll get a good show in every paper in the country. What do you say? Is it a go?"

As the reporter proceeded, the imagination of the detective painted a series of highly-colored pictures in rapid succession. He saw himself raised to a pinnacle far loftier than that from which he had slipped so unaccountably. He saw his fame blazoned forth, from ocean to ocean, as the solver of a deep mystery, and the captor of a noted malefactor who was badly "wanted."

And last, but not least, he saw his bank account, now sadly attenuated, swelled into comparative fatness by the addition of fifteen hundred dollars. Hitherto his reputation at its best had been local; to-morrow it would be continental. He hesitated, but not for long. Taking a last suck at his cigar, and blowing it into a spittoon, he rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"It's a go," he said.

"Good," replied Nick. "I guess I'm going to be proud of my pa-in-law; and now, maybe we'd better call in Mamie and give her the latest bulletin."

At eight o'clock next morning a cab waited in front of 17 Marabel street, and two men, dressed in animated discourse, a trunk was hoisted on and placed on the box, and a few minutes later a tall, well-dressed man appeared on the steps. As he leisurely descended, the other two moved forward, still talking, and reached the door of the cab just as the tall man had comfortably ensconced himself. Then, to the great surprise of the occupant, one of the pedestrians jumped suddenly into the vehicle and seated himself beside him.

"What does this mean?" cried Mr. Welfern of Boston, in great indignation.

"It's no go, Brady," said the intruder. "It's all up. Now, don't make a beef, because there's a gun in my pocket stickin' right into your ribs. Get in, Sam. Coachman, you know me—Detective Bundlesroth; drive to headquarters."

In spite of the excellent advice proffered by the detective, Mr. Welfern did make a considerable "beef," and it was not till a systematic search of his trunks at the central police station had revealed the missing articles of jewelry that he ceased to threaten all kinds of pains and penalties for the outrage to which he was being subjected. Then he accepted the situation with philosophical composure, and handed round his cigar-case with charming cordiality.

Nicholas Hogaboom was as good as his word. He squared the boys and the Associated Press correspondent, as he had promised, and Detective Bundles reaped a harvest of glory such as

he had never dreamed of. The rewards were duly paid over to him, and no one, not even Mamie, ever knew that the entire credit for the achievement really belonged to another.

"How did you ever persuade paw to let you marry me?" Mamie asked wonderingly of her husband as they drove from the paternal mansion, followed by a shower of slippers discharged by the paternal hand.

"You know what a scoop is, don't you?" Nick enquired.

"Of course I do. It's something that you reporters get exclusive."

"Well," replied Nick, laughing, "this was just a case of scoop."

And more than that Mamie could never get him to say on the subject.

Queer Cases of Heredity.

DOCTORS disagree as to the influence of heredity. Some hold that a great deal hinges upon it; others believe the contrary. Some of the authentic stories told to exemplify this mysterious bond between ancestors and descendants are very curious.

There was a loan collection of old portraits exhibited in London lately and a young girl was among the visitors. She was an orphan and wealthy, but without near relatives, and was often heard to complain of the loneliness of her position. As she passed through the gallery one particular portrait attracted her attention and she went back to it more than once. Her companion saw in it nothing but the commonplace painting of a middle-aged man in the costume of the latter part of the last century. "It is such a nice kind face," said the girl, rather wistfully. "I imagine my father might have looked like that had he lived." As most of the pictures were ticketed the visitors had purchased no catalogue, but, before going away, Miss B. bought one at the entrance and made a last visit to the portrait for which she had felt so strong an attraction. To her astonishment she found her own name opposite to its number and learned on inquiry that the original was one of her direct ancestors.

Another occult coincidence or psychological phenomenon happened a few years ago to a Southern statesman and financier whose family has always been of rank in his native State. This gentleman was overhauling old documents and letters which had been stored in a dusty chest for years and intended to publish whatever might be of historic value and interest. To his surprise he unfolded a letter written in his own peculiar hand-writing, or seemed to have been written by him, although the date was two generations before his birth. The signature of the surname, which was the same as his own, was so markedly characteristic that he could scarcely believe his own hand did not pen the letters.

A Loquacious Cockatoo.

The most loquacious cockatoo in the world used to be owned by a civil servant in a Riverina township, Australia, and as this is, perhaps, the only bird that ever shut up a political "wind-jammer" the Melbourne "Punch" deems its escapade worthy to be put on record. A general election was on, and one of the candidates for the district had engaged a hall wherein to address the electors. There was a great attendance, and the candidate went from scratch with a rush, but at the end of five minutes was interrupted by a thin, croaking voice, like that of a little devil suffering from whooping-cough, which called from one of the rafters: "Oh, I'm full of this!" The crowd, suddenly discovering the cockatoo on his perch aloft, laughed uproariously. A long string of insults at the crowd came from the rafters. The candidate tried to get going again. "The man's an ass!" was the cockatoo's comment, and he jerked it in after every solemn expression of the candidate's opinion. At last the candidate's patience gave way, and, seizing the water-bottle, he hurled it furiously at the interperate bird. It broke a window, and excited the bird to further efforts. Picking on the candidate, he heaped reproaches and insults upon him. The bird won; finding nothing left to throw, and unable to make any impression on the roaring audience, the politician flung himself from the hall, and the evil bird gave the last touch by calling pleasantly: "So long, so long!" The meeting forthwith carried resolution to the effect that the cockatoo was a fit and proper party to represent that district in Parliament.

Flowers Perfumed to Order.

WHILE the notion of throwing a perfume on the wind would be undeniably absurd, there are certain other flowers, much prized for their beauty of form and color, which would be decidedly improved by the addition of agreeable odors. Of these a notable example is the chrysanthemum, which has either no smell at all or else an odor that is rather disagreeable than otherwise. Nevertheless, it may be that the famous Japanese blossom will, in the not remote future, acquire a satisfactory perfume of its own through skilful crossing of varieties, and attempts in this direction are said to have been made recently.

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nostrils. Indeed, these butterfly-like flowers are commonly regarded as scentless, having never been cultivated with a view to the improvement of their bouquet. It is a neglect easily remedied, however, and the production of strongly perfumed blossoms of this kind may fairly be expected as a coming achievement of the florist.

Flowers may be bred for perfume as well as for form and color; and in this connection it is interesting to consider some things that have been accomplished with Alpine plants. Such plants usually have very large and highly scented blossoms, because, owing to the comparative scarcity of insects in high mountain regions, it is necessary to make a big and attractive show in order to attract the small winged creatures whose aid is needed for accomplishing the process of fertilization. At the same time, one notices that vegetation at such altitudes is commonly fur-clad, being provided with a furry coat as a protection against climatic conditions. One might not imagine that plants native to such regions are susceptible of cultivation under ordinary conditions, but experiments have shown that the fact is quite otherwise. Three of the most beautiful varieties of cultivated pinks are of Alpine origin, their flowers being borne on stalks that are only three or four inches high.

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of wearing HAGAR
shoes is a surprise
to those who have
never worn them.

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H. & C. Blanchford, 114 Yonge St.

Curious Bits of News.

The population of Paris has increased
177,234 in the past five years, and is
now 2,714,968. Paris has always the
largest transient population of any city
in the world, the average being esti-
mated at 400,000; besides, the great
suburbs outside the walls aggregate
another million.

During a recent thunderstorm at Pat-
erson, N. J., a Mrs. William Donohue
jumped out of bed and getting what
she supposed was a bottle of holy wa-
ter, sprinkled the sleeping members of
her family. When they awoke in the
morning and saw themselves in a mir-
ror they were startled by their
streaked faces. The woman, in the
dark, had picked up by mistake a bot-
tle of bluing.

The war against trailing skirts
on the Continent is growing daily. In
Saxony Switzerland, notices are posted
on trees that wearers of trailing skirts
will be fined. In Ischl, Upper Austria,
there have been several instances of
the skirts of unsuspecting ladies being
torn by rabid sanitarians. At Ems,
Prussia, the authorities have put up a
notice that no long skirts are to be ad-
mitted within the precincts of the gar-
dens, and the janitor refuses admission
to those whose skirts are too long.

The Philippine commission has decid-
ed in favor of Spanish as the official
court language for the next five years,
and the decision has given much of-
fense to the United States lawyers who
have settled in Manila. In giving his
opinion, Judge Taft made use of the
following language: "To make English
the official language of the courts
would drive out of the practice of
their profession the Filipino lawyers.
We ought not to alienate a class of
men who do so much to initiate and
formulate such public opinion as exists
in these islands."

The Chatsworth (Ont.) "News" says
that during a recent thunderstorm a
horse belonging to Mr. William Pearce,
about a mile north of that place, was
out in the pasture field, and about noon
was struck by lightning, which se-
vered its two feet just above the hoofs,
and left the horse standing on the
stumps of its two hind legs, the feet
being strewn on the ground. The
horse's shoes are thought to have at-
tracted the lightning. The horse,
though stunned, was not killed, but
remained in a standing position until
evening, and was then shot.

Fearing that after they had "done
the town" they would not possess en-
ough funds to purchase transportation
east, twelve sailors at San Fran-
cisco had their tickets made out in the
name of a thirteenth sailor, who was
considered the soberest and most clear-
headed of the lot. Happy in the
thought that they were now secure, the
thirteen proceeded down "Barbary
Coast." About sunrise, to the horror
of the thirteenth sailor, the trusty mate
was missing. Accordingly, they went
to the office of the passenger depart-
ment of the Southern Pacific and un-
folded their tale of woe, declaring that
their companion had been drugged,
beaten, murdered, and robbed. The
railroad official refused to do anything
in their behalf, but directed them to
report the matter to the police or their
officers. Disgusted and disgruntled,
they departed. Later in the day an
officer went up to the railroad office to
look into the matter. He believed in
the murder theory, but the office had
received a wire from the conductor of
an overland train, saying that a sailor
very drunk was aboard and had trans-
portation for thirteen men.

The experimental kindness of John
Arbuckle, the Brooklyn coffee manu-
facturer, in taking and giving work-
ing in offices on moderate salaries out
of night, has been the means of
arousing interest in similar enterprises
elsewhere. Louis R. Moore, of Boston,
head of the Prospect Union, a work-
men's association, is the originator
of a plan by which members of the
union go a-suppering each week for
the small sum of twenty-five cents. In
February a camping club was formed,
and each member began paying in-
dues of fifteen cents a week. By June
each man had contributed three dol-
lars. An immense old house, of the
old-fashioned sort, surrounded on three
sides by great rows of elms, and look-
ing out in front on Dorchester Bay,
was rented for seventy-five dollars, and
beds and eating utensils were bought
with the remaining capital. The dues
were advanced to twenty-five cents,
and new members were taken in. By
payment of three dollars, the house
is reached from Boston by trolley or
boat in an hour and a half. Men who
have never before known the relief
of summer holidays in the country are
able to go out on Saturday afternoon
and stay over Sunday.

To the Modern Heroine.

There was a time when you, fair maid,
Were languishing and gentle working
Your heart quite ruled your head
And you were sentimental;

You had the most enchanting way
Of falling in a swoon
Just as the hero on the scene
Stepped—not one whit too soon!

A trifle frivolous you were,
Perhaps a bit flirtatious,
But gentle to the last degree,
And fascinating—Gracious!

No more in ringlets curls your hair,
For curls are out of fashion,
And when your fainting, too, has gone,
You now fly in a passion.

Of lady-heroes, brave and bold,
A leader of the fray,
Matters not if on the land
Or on the sea you stay.

O tell the writers of to-day
We're tired of blunderbusses,
Of ladies fair in man's attire,
Of massacres and fusties;

Give us an old-time love-affair
With maiden sweetly coy,
We want a tender, loving girl,
And not a rough tomboy;

We're tired of the dashing maid,
We want a girl who cries;
We want a girl with fluffy hair
And lovely, big blue eyes.

A little sweetheart made for love,
A man of proper size,
A novel full of sentiment—
Not history in disguise.

—Celia Myrover Robinson.



Near-sighted Schmidt—Whatever is der matter mit dose fishes! I vas sit here two hours and not got no bites, and I vas losing patience a little, ain't it—' Pick-Me-Up.'

Books and Their Makers.

S. R. CROCKETT'S reputation is not
likely to suffer through his new
story, *Cinderella*. In this we
have a pleasing and grateful
change from the bombast and heroics
of the popular historical novel. So full
of charm is the ancient legend of As-
chenputtel that even a modern adap-
tation thereof—especially when so cleverly
conceived and ingeniously ex-
ecuted as Crockett's—is sure to find
lodgment in the hearts of its readers.
Hester is a dainty and winning crea-
ture, whose sorrows, if somewhat melo-
dramatic, yet stir the reader to a not
unpleasant excitement as he foresees
their necessarily happy ending. The
old hypocrite who oppresses and steals
from her, the fine young lover who
rescues her, are, each in his own way,
personages as provocative of loathing
and liking as are the originals in the
nursery story. Copp, Clark are the
Canadian publishers.

No Other Way is to be finally the
title of the novel which Sir Walter Be-
sant finished just before his death.
His own selection, *The Way Out*, was
used last year by Mr. G. B. Burgin.

The Conqueror is the title of the
forthcoming book in which Mrs. Ger-
trude Atherton has told the story of
Alexander Hamilton's life. The author
has discovered in the West Indies
many romantic details of the states-
man's youth.

The author of *Elizabeth and Her
German Garden* has told in her novel,
The Benefactress, the story of a young
English woman who has a fortune left
her by a German relative. She goes to
live in a German village wherein she
finds much that is interesting and
amusing.

A Maid of Venice is to be the title of
E. Marion Crawford's new novel of
Italian life. His sister, Mrs. Fraser,
is bringing out a story entitled *The Sav-
ing Child*, and her son will publish at
the same time his story called *Death
the Showman*.

Gilbert Parker's new novel, *The
Right of Way*, is to be out this month.

The "Bookman" for September an-
nounces positively that *The Aristocrats*
was written by Gertrude Atherton. It
was sent forth anonymously simply
because the author desired to receive
unbiased criticism.

The six best-selling books in the
United States and Canada during
August were: 1. *The Crisis* (Churchill);
2. *The Helmet of Navarre* (Runkle);
3. *The Puppet Crown* (MacGrath);
4. *Graustark* (McClure); 5. *Truth
Dexter* (McCall); 6. *The Visits of
Elizabeth* (Glyn). In Toronto the list
was as follows: 1. *The Crisis*; 2. *The
Puppet Crown*; 3. *Graustark*; 4. *The
Helmet of Navarre*; 5. *Days Like
These* (Townsend); 6. *Tarry Thou Till
I Come* (Croly).

Conan Doyle is being severely criti-
cized for reviving Sherlock Holmes
(who had been dead and buried these

Healthy Schoolma'am.

Found Out How to Feed Herself.
Many schoolteachers, at the end of
their year's work, feel thoroughly ex-
hausted and worn out, physically and
mentally. The demand upon the nerves
and brain of a teacher is unusual, and
unless they are well fed and fed upon
properly selected food, it is natural
that they should run down.

A little woman teacher at Gobleville,
Mich., who has been teaching regularly
for a number of years, has always
found herself thoroughly exhausted at
the end of the session, until within the
last year she has made use of Grape-
Nuts Food, with the result that she
closed the year as a robust, healthy,
strong, vigorous woman, having gained
in weight from 90 pounds to 126; her
nerves strong, face bright and cheery,
and really a wonder to all her friends,
who constantly comment on her color
and strength. She knows exactly to
what the change is attributed, for in
the years past, living on ordinary food,
she has almost broken down before the
school year closed, whereas since using
Grape-Nuts, this change has been
brought about; evidence prima facie
of the value of Grape-Nuts Food for
rebuilding the brain and nerve centers.
The name of the teacher can be given
by the Postum Cereal Company
(Limited), Battle Creek, Mich.

WE are not asking you to accept our statement alone.
The merits of

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his allotted task properly, is inclined to
growl and grumble at the regulations
of the institution, he is given ordinary
prison fare—mush and molasses, soup,
and corn bread; and if he is ugly and
insubordinate, he is permitted to feast
on unlimited quantities of cold water
and a rather small allowance of bread.
There is said to be an intense rivalry
among the convicts to enter the first
class, and once there, it is very seldom
that one of them has to be sent back
to a lower class.

Palmistry Triumphant.

(Fragment from a Town Romance.)

The enquirer was a little anxious as
he placed his open hand before the
earnest gaze of the soothsayer.

"You are a man of the utmost abili-
ty,"

The enquirer seemed satisfied.

"You have the organizing power of
a Kitchener and the dash of a Baden-
Powell."

Again the enquirer smiled.

"You have the tact of a Talleyrand,
the courage of a Buonaparte, the poetry
of a Shakespeare, and the sense
of color of a Rubens, a Vandye and
a Gainsborough."

"Quite true," murmured the en-
quirer.

"You could, had you wished it, have
taken a Double First at Oxford or be-
come a Senior Wrangler at Cam-
bridge."

The enquirer bowed acquiescence.

"I can see from your garb you are
not the Archbishop of Canterbury, and
from my knowledge of the lineaments
of the distinguished personages I am
about to mention I am sure you are
neither the Premier, the Lord Chan-
cellor, nor the Commander-in-Chief."

"You are right," replied the enquirer.

"You occupy a position of greater
importance, if I am not mistaken, than
either of the situations I have speci-
fied."

"Again you are correct," returned
the enquirer, "I have the honor to fill
the post of Senior Superintendent of
the Imperial Universal General Dry
Goods and Provision Stores, Limited."

And with mutual expressions of re-
spect and admiration, the soothsayer
and enquirer separated.—"Punch."

Holiday Reading.

Froude, in his "Sea Studies," had a
word to say on the subject of books for
holiday reading. While freely granting
that the solitary side of our nature
demands leisure for reflection upon
subjects on which the dash and whirl
of daily business forbid the intellect to
fasten itself, he yet insisted that the
mind cannot steady itself by its single
strength. So: "We require compan-
ions—but companions which in-
trude upon us only when we invite
them; we require books, and the choice
is a serious one. As we grow old,
the class of novels which we can
read with interest rapidly diminishes.
The love-agonies of the Fredericks
and Dorotheas cease to be absorbing.
The taste for romance is the first to
disappear. The taste for caricature
lasts longer, but eventually follows.
Truth alone permanently pleases."
Therefore, maintained Froude, "the
best company at sea are the immortals,
those on whom the endurance of their
works has set the seal of excellence,
which are read from age to age, from
era to era, and prove, by the tenacity
of their hold, their correspondence with
the humanity under which all changes
remain the same."

Midsummer Maxims.

Old married folks never sit in the
hammock together. A drug store in
the neighborhood is always productive
of thirst. It usually gets too cold for
mamma and papa about 8 o'clock. The
young lady who is always objecting to
her brother's smoking tells her young
man that she likes the odor of a good
cigar—with the accent on the good—
and the young man smiles complacently.
The neighbor's piano ought really
to be tuned. The man who can re-
strain his natural impulse to sprinkle
the lawn with the hose always jollies
his next door neighbor, who can't. A
woman can sit with nothing in her
hands and rock, but a man has to have
a paper or a cigar or both. When the
Old Man and his neighbor get their
feet on the railing side by side the
young man who is calling on the Old
Man's daughter usually proposes a
stroll, for he knows they are planted
until bedtime.—Ex.

Something Like a Toronto Case.

Edna Crawford, the beautiful daugh-
ter of Chief Detective Ralph Crawford,
of Cincinnati, has brought suit for ten
thousand dollars damages against the
famous New York photographer, Sar-
son, for using her picture as a corset
advertisement without her permission.
Detective Crawford was so incensed
that he threatened to thrash Sarson,
but was persuaded to let the law settle
the matter. Sarson declares the girl
was given professional rates, and thus
gave him the right to use the picture
as he did. Several days ago some of
Miss Crawford's classmates were as-
tonished to see her face mounted on
the body of a giddy, bespangled actress
in a magazine and in several theatrical
papers. Next it began to appear out
of corset "ads." and wearing two-
dollar-and-fifty-nine-cent shirt waists.
She was shown as a high-kicker and in
other attitudes, the very idea of which
shocked the young woman. Miss Craw-
ford denies the professional rate an-
swer.

Fame.
She lived and wrote 'mid simple joys and
fears,
And never word she wrote had power
to stir
The hearts of men to laughter or to tears
Until that one great sorrow came to
her,
And then she wrote, and woke to praise
and fame,
Now all unlonged for as but idle breath:
What matters it that they should vaunt
her name,
His lips now silent 'neath the kiss of
Death?
—Eileen Benson.
St. Catharines.

A really forgivable pun is one pub-
lished by the Philadelphia "Ledger"
when it ascribes the suicide of the dia-
bolical governor of Shanai by swallow-
ing gold leaf to "a consciousness of in-
ward gilt."

"Le Beaute," Given Away Free

Nothing but "Le
Beaute" will keep
your complexion
clear and protect it
from sunburn.
MADAME LA
BELLE'S greatest
discovery. Write for
your cream and re-
ceive "Le Beaute"
free of charge. It
does not Peel, Burn
or Irritate the most
delicate skin.
"Le Beaute."
Do not neglect to
procure Madame La
Belle's wonderful "Le Beaute."
"It is the Present Sensation of Canada"

Superfluous Hair, Chlophy, Manicuring,
at Madame La Belle's parlors. Wrinkles and
Lines removed. An elegant opportunity for
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for all work done in her office during her
absence.

Captain Ravenshaw

OR
The Maid of Cheapside

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Carling agencies in
Canada over 100,000
dozens of filled bot-
tles are always on
the shelves.
Every bottle that

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sends out is perfectly
matured both in wood
and in glass. There's
no artificial age—no
"doping" with drugs
nor charging with gas
in Carling's ale or
porter. It's precau-
tions like this which
have made Carling's
known all over
Canada as "the ale
that's always good."



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND M. SHEPPARD - Editor

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OUTDOOR PASTIMES

WHEN the Yankees begin to see how Sir Thomas Lipton has "worked them" they will probably slung him more vigorously and with greater gusto—it will be more congenial than they are lauding him now. When Sir Tea challenged for the first time, the "great American people" were slightly suspicious, but as he took his beating good-naturedly and blarneyed them sufficiently, their first sniffs at the knighted grocer subsided and they drank his health. When Sir Thomas challenged for the second time the Yankees called him the best sport that ever crossed the "pond," and drank his health some more. Lately "Sir Lipton" has been gently but persistently calling their attention to the fact that the liquor—or tea—in which they were pledging his very good health bore his own trade mark, or if it didn't, ought to. Under his photo in newspaper columns headed "Sir Thomas Lipton, sportsman and merchant," paragraphs like the following are beginning to appear: "Sir Thomas Lipton is a man of affairs used to dealing with men and managing large enterprises in a large way. His sportsmanlike attitude in connection with the 'America's' Cup races two years ago won for him the respect and admiration of the American people. Ever since they have been drinking his health either in Ceylon tea or Irish whiskey. Speaking of the latter causes us to emphasize the fact that a 'high ball,' properly made with Lipton's Irish whiskey and carbonated water, is a delicious beverage and is likely to become fashionable in this country. It is also an economical liquor to have in the house, as the proper amount required for each 'high ball' is much less than that of any other. Anything bearing the name of Sir Thomas has hitherto been found honest in quality, and the Lipton whiskey is no exception to the rule."

Things like this make people wonder if the "Royal Ulster" was not used to cloak an advertising scheme and not a sporting project, and whether Tommy is not really using the "America's" Cup as a means by which to secure the Western Hemisphere and the newspapers of America as billboard and posters.

The visit of Ward and Davis, the "American" tennis players, to the Old Country has done a lot to set the Britishers thinking about the game. The conservative methods of the Englishman have done a lot to retard the game in the Old Country. While the style of play in Canada and the United States has been improved and new methods introduced into almost every department of the game, it has practically been at a standstill in England, and the present style accepted as the acme. The defeat of the Yankees perhaps looks like an argument to the opposite, but the truth of the matter is that the Doherty Brothers, the champions, are in a class by themselves in Great Britain, and Davis and his partner had very little trouble with the rest of their opponents. The idea of introducing the game into the English public schools is a good one and would ultimately do a lot to advance the standard of the play and make the game more popular.

The good time made by the college men in the sprints at the Exhibition athletic games augurs well for the Canadians' showing in this department when they meet the British collegians a week from to-day. J. D. Morrow of McGill and I. Orton of 'Varsity did some pretty good work, Morrow winning the 220 and 300 yard events and coming second in the 100. The time made was good considering the track. The Englishmen compete in the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association's handicaps to-day, so any one who is interested will be able to get a line on them before the inter-collegiate games on the 14th.

The fall regatta of the Canoe Club will be the star attraction on the water-front to-day (7th inst.). This will bring to an end one of the most successful racing seasons that the club ever had. During the year the club won the Pan-American championship and gained permanent possession of the shield representing the war canoe championship of America by winning it for the second time. The races to-day for the club championships will be close and some excellent sport is promised those who travel down to the bay.

The lacrosse game at the Island to-day will be the best exhibition of the national game ever put up before a local crowd. The kind of lacrosse played two weeks ago made Toronto people wish to see some more of it, and the attendance to-day will probably tax the accommodation of the grounds to a greater extent than it did two weeks ago. Since seeing St. Kitts dispose of Brantford the opinion seems to be that the Dufferins will be up against it. On the other hand, a small but select portion of the talent predict that the Orangeville team will give St. Catharines a bigger contract than they are prepared to handle.

THE REFEREE.

Quatrain.

Fear not the menace of the By-and-by:
To-day is ours, to-morrow Fate must give;
Stretch out your hands and eat, although ye die—
Better to die than never once to live.

RICHARD HOVEY.

HORSES ON THE WESTERN PRAIRIES.



"TOUGHEST" HORSES IN THE WORLD.

THE freedom of the domestic animals on the Western prairies makes it appear almost as if they were ownerless. Branding takes the place of fencing, and it matters little how wide the animals wander if they carry a registered brand on hip or shoulder. Horses are good property now on account of the demand for remounts for the British army, and they are safer to let "rustle" than either sheep or cattle. They are seldom kept up or fed in winter time. The Western prairie horses are probably the toughest and best-constituted horses in the world on account of continual exercise and of being reared on practically dry food from birth, for the prairie grass is hay except for a few weeks each year. They require considerable "busting" when they are to be brought into use for saddle or harness, and the first lesson, which is to teach them not to "go against rope," is rather severe, and is



BUSTING A BRONCHO WITH A SLIP-KNOT.

generally very much resented. It consists of lassoing the broncho with a slip-knot on the rope and snubbing it up to a post in the center of the corral preparatory to putting on the halter, or sometimes throwing it by roping the front feet and putting on the halter while the animal is lying down.

The opportunities for picturesque animal groups do not come frequently on the prairie to the man with a camera, for the prairie is featureless. There seems to be no place for the snap-shottist to begin or finish. The characteristic prairie expression and atmosphere is beautiful to those who have lived on the plains, but to get this effect the figures must be thrown back into mere specks. A picturesque group can sometimes be met with at closer quarters on the bottom lands flanking the rivers.

J. McCAIG.



Drama

MUSEMENTS

in Toronto are still of the typical Exhibition-time character. At the Grand this week were the well-known fun-makers, Ward & Vokes, in their old familiar pot pourri under the new name of the Head Waiters. It was a clever mélange of sense and nonsense, and took well with both city people and their guests. Another show strongly reminiscent of the past-both-immediate-and-remote was Hanlon's Superba, which drew with its accustomed "pull" at the Toronto. Way Down East had a successful second week at the Princess, while at Shea's a really excellent bill was presented, including two sketches, an abundance of singing, with and without illustrations, a good contortionist act, some knockabout and bounding table work of a fast and furious character, and enough dancing to season the rest of the programme. Toronto managers have a big thing in the Exhibition fortnight. The houses are nearly always patronized to the limit of their capacity, and inasmuch as the attendance is principally of visitors in the city, there is no serious reaction with resulting stagnation at the box-offices after the big Fair has shut up shop.

The latest popular melodrama in New York is The Mormon Wife. As an example of what can be done in that line by American playwrights when they give themselves over to the task in wholeness of heart and singleness of purpose, The Mormon Wife is a hopeful creation. The lover of melodrama whose thirst for sensation is still unslaked after quaffing at this new wellspring must be a queer sort.

The plot deals with the story of a Gentle husband, converted to the Mormon faith, who takes a second wife, in accordance with the advice and wishes of the elders of the Church. The first wife leaves her husband, taking her child with her. A home is provided for the wife by the father of a young doctor who has long been in love with her. Her husband soon tires of his second wife, and begs the first to return. This she refuses to do—and the Mormon elders abduct the child. The wife goes to Salt Lake City in search of the child. Her husband finds her, tells her that the child is dead, and steps into an adjoining room and shoots himself. The neighbors and the second wife hurry in. The latter accuses her rival of the shooting. She also tries to prevent the young doctor from removing the bullet, on the ground that he will instead bring about the wounded man's death. The Mormon husband recovers. The Mormon elders, seeing his defection from the ranks, stab him, and he dies, leaving his wife to the care of the young doctor who has so long loved her.

Quality Street is the name of J. M. Barrie's new play, to be produced in America by Maud Adams. Another American actress, Blanche Walsh, is to appear in a dramatic version of S. R. Crockett's Joan of the Sword Hand. Those who have read the novel from which the play is derived will remember that the Duchess Joan of Hohenstein, in order to see as men see him, the man to whom she is betrothed, goes in male attire to his principality. Miss Walsh has long desired to play a male part, and is even said, like another and more famous actress, to aspire to Hamlet. Joan of the Sword Hand as a play will have certain resemblances to Louis N. Parker's The Swashbuckler.

Mr. Owen A. Smily, entertainer, has returned from a successful tour of the Maritime Provinces and will make his headquarters in the city for the rest of the season. Mr. Smily was accompanied in his trip east by Miss Mary Jardine Thomson, soprano, and Mrs. Gertrude Black-Edmonds, contralto, and the press speaks in most flattering terms of this clever trio.

The Princess, it is announced, will be dark the whole of next week.

Mr. F. C. Whitney and Mr. Edwin Knowles, whose names are synonymous with America's foremost productions of recent years, are sending on tour this season a Quo Vadis company which they say outclasses any previous effort in the portrayal and representation of Sienkiewicz's novel of that name. Mr. Whitney has culled from the rosters of the various companies of last season those who made the strongest impression in the parts impersonated, and of these formed a new organization for the season 1901-02. This production will be given at the Grand next week, and owing to the length of the performance the curtain will ring up promptly at eight o'clock in the evening and two o'clock in the afternoon.

The Limited Mail, the attraction at the Toronto next week, is said to be one of the largest and best equipped companies on the road, carrying two carloads of mechanical and electrical effects, which have been newly constructed the past summer. The piece is full of startling effects, and

the flight of The Limited Mail, a train three hundred feet long and twelve feet high, crossing the stage in six seconds, is a wonderful scene. The tunnel scene, where the train comes to a stop, just at the verge of destruction, the saw mill and the wreck scenes should go to make a pleasing performance.

The Omar of "The Weed."

A few good friends, a seat beside the fire,
A well-filled pouch at hand and pipe of brier,
And in the heart a love of all mankind,
And age is not catastrophe so dire.

The weed, turned ashes, quickly is forgot;
But joyously it yields its fragrant lot;
Also man lives and dies and turns to dust,
But all in rollicking good cheer. Why not?

This, then, our cue—to sweetly emulate
Tobacco and its democratic state;
To give of comfort whosoever we may
And love all men and leave the rest to fate.
—Kirke La Shelle in "Harper's."

Uncle Sam's Generous Government.

THE old truth that stranger stories crop up in real life than in the books of fiction is illustrated in a most pathetic way in a transaction the particulars of which are related by a United States paper. Twenty years ago Captain Henry W. Howgate, the disbursing officer of the signal corps of the United States army, was one of the most popular men in Washington, entertaining select parties on his yacht, and enjoying life as only a man with money can. One day Washington woke up to find that the genial Howgate had embezzled a large sum from the Government. He was arrested and committed to jail to await trial and while there made a sensational escape which was more than a nine days' wonder.

Years passed—so many years that to most people the name of Howgate was merely a memory. But some people never forget. One of them was Howgate's daughter, who in the days of his disgrace clung to her father with a passionate devotion, who gave him her sympathy and counsel and help, and who, when he disappeared and was forgotten by his world, still cherished his memory with loving affection, and refused to believe that he was dead. And other people who remembered were the Government detectives, who wanted this man so that the majesty of the law might be avenged.

Justice and not love finally triumphed. It was not the daughter who discovered her father; it was the detectives who dragged the criminal from his hiding, a broken-down old man who had been living a respectable and honest life as a dealer in second-hand books in a modest way. They cast him into prison. Forsaken by his former friends, penniless, with nothing to live for except the love of his daughter, he died.

When Howgate paid his final debt all that he had was a life insurance policy for \$3,000. For nearly twenty years his daughter, refusing to believe that he was dead, out of her scanty earnings as a Government clerk paid the premiums on this policy, amounting to some \$600. Now the inexorable hand of justice reaches forth. The Government claims the insurance money as part payment of its debt. It will return to Miss Howgate the \$600 she spent to keep the policy alive, but the balance it holds as its own. This may be just, according to the strict interpretation of the law, but it seems rather pitiful, says the paper from which these particulars are taken, that a Government so immensely rich as that of the United States should take the orphan's mite, especially when it is remembered that had it not been for the sacrifices she made the policy would long ago have lapsed for non-payment of premiums.

Short Homilies, Up-to-Date

WHEN you purloin an umbrella see that it has the owner's name thereon—then you have but one man to look out for. If you take one unmarked you will be uneasy on meeting any fellow on a rainy day.

If a man injure you without reason or provocation, say to advance his own interests, rest assured he will soon cordially dislike you. Every time you come in contact with him he will have unpleasant recollections and by a curious mental process charge them against you.

Never lament over or apologize for your faults or shortcomings to another, no matter how near a friend. Ten to one the other fellow is as bad as yourself, and has probably sinned oftener in just the same particulars. You are sure to regret unburdening yourself for many reasons. Your confessor may not want to be bothered—his own load is enough. If he does listen, almost invariably he assumes in response a lofty "holier than thou" tone that convinces you of his hypocrisy and makes you ache to kick him. You are sure to look back at the incident with considerable dissatisfaction. Anyway, you didn't want to discount yourself. The confidence in all probability was prompted by the thought that your friend would palliate your conduct. He

did not do so, because he is a sinner himself, but has horse sense enough to know that kind friends are fully alive already to one's faults and weaknesses.

Always look pleasant in public—sincerely pleasant, not a conventional smirk—and when the bailiff is in possession tell your best joke on the corner. People like it. Only a millionaire can afford to be cranky and sullen. Daily bread comes a deal easier to the man of agreeable disposition and pleasant exterior.

"EXPERIENTIA DOCET."

How to Play "Bridge."

IT is a little difficult to concisely describe the game of bridge, but an English exchange ventures to do so. Bridge, it says, is played by four people with one pack of cards. After cutting for partners and deal, the dealer deals as in whist, but without turning up the last card. He then looks at his own hand. It may be mentioned that all suits have a separate value on a rising scale. Each trick after the first six in spades counts two; in clubs, four; in diamonds, six; and in hearts, eight; while in no trumps, twelve.

The dealer, if he has a good no-trump hand, or a strong red suit, makes trumps. If not, he leaves it to his partner, who usually names a black suit, unless his own hand is exceptionally strong, because he augurs that the dealer's hand must be weak. The opponents have then the option of doubling, and the dealer plays both his own and the exposed cards. All four players keep the score, which has a line drawn across it. Below is written the score of the tricks. By these the games are decided. Whoever gets thirty wins the game, and the rubber is the best of three games.

Above are written the honors, which, like the tricks, are on a sliding scale. The ten, as well as ace, king, queen and knave, is an honor; but in no-trumps the four aces are alone honors, and worth ten each. At the conclusion of the rubber the score of the honors and the tricks is added together, the points of the losers deducted from those of the winners, who then add one hundred, which makes the victorious total. In the course of play this is further added to by a sliding scale for the grand slam (all thirteen tricks), little slam (twelve tricks), and chicane (no trumps in one hand). Each player deals in turn, and dealer's partner may only speak to prevent dealer revoking after trumps are declared. It is necessary in selecting trumps to play to the score.

In any case where the dealer has two aces and a suit of a guarded Queen no trumps should be made, and bold players generally decide on calling no trumps at any time when they have five certain tricks in their hand. Many opponents always double spades, but this is often foolish. Always play through strength to weakness, and remember that the thirteenth card of a suit is often as valuable as a trump. In no-trumps it is always advisable to make the long suit as soon as possible. These are, of course, only general indications to which experience will speedily add more. The popularity of this brilliant game is unbounded and unparalleled.

Does Cancer Come From Trees?

"I do not envy the Princess of Schaumburg-Lippe the life-ownership of Friedrichshof," writes the Paris correspondent of London "Truth." "Cancer sticks to a house. The statistics of the disease show this. Some doctors were disposed to think that cancer came from trees; but statistics of that disease taken in Paris show that it can and does break out in streets where there are no trees. It might possibly, but not probably, be brought in by the wood of a cancerous tree. The gall nut is now supposed to be a form of vegetable cancer, and the oak on which it grows is most used in France for floors; but this seems so far-fetched that I hardly like to put it forward. However, I do not hesitate to call attention to the great danger of living in houses where there have been cancerous patients. Not long ago attention was called at a sitting of the Academy of Science to a house where there were seven successive tenants, the families of six furnished a victim apiece to the fell disease, and one family two victims. The infection was evidently in the house. The apple tree is obtaining a bad reputation as liable to cancer, and the elm a worse one. I have been shown the boles of elms that look quite cancerous. Normandy is the part of France where most people die of cancer in the stomach. It is also the one in which most cider is drunk and the soil is the heaviest."

The Disinfected Sex.

The danger of the "Trailing Skirt"—to which public attention has been directed at the recent meeting of the International Conference on Tuberculosis—has so greatly impressed a well-known member of the British Parliament that he threatens to bring in a bill next session "For the Compulsory Disinfection of the Would-be-well-dressed Woman." According to the terms of the proposed bill every "fashion-plate" woman is to be disinfected before entering any house. "The disinfected sex" will probably be the new way of describing the feminine portion of the human race.

A Distressing Case.

"Vat's de madder, Izzy?"
"I am in great troubles. Ve soldt a man a set of teeth mit a gold plate at four tollars down und two a week. Und he hasn't made de second payment."
"Vy ton't you take de teeth away from him?"
"Ve can't. He's got lockjaw."—New York "Life."

"They say Miss Pinkton is crazy to go on the stage."
"Has she any talent in that direction?" "Don't know. Never saw her in a bathing suit."—New York "Life."



Toronto Canoe Club's War Canoe

Champions of An

An Unenthusiastic Tourist.

BEING THE IMPRESSIONS OF DON AND HIS PARTNER, RHEU, ON A TRIP TO EGYPT, PALESTINE AND ITALY.

XII.—Life in Jerusalem.

THE hack which brought us from the station was like any old two-horse cab you might find in Toronto, only a little worse, and as I clambered out of it on to the pavement on David street near the Joppa gate I looked around and exclaimed to myself, "And so at last this is Jerusalem." The stout lady who accompanied us in the hack, as she sprawled down the steps shook loose clouds of dust which made her look like a bag pudding just out of the steamer. Across the way was King David's Tower, looking very much like a mediaeval English castle, which caused her to ejaculate, "Well, I declare! I s'pose that's the Temple."

The fairly wide street fifty yards further on turned around the corner of the tower and quickly disappeared into a labyrinth of little narrow streets towards the Jewish part of the city, where forty or fifty thousand of the faithful still reside in squalor, but still retaining much of their fanaticism. About ten thousand Mohammedans and ten thousand "Christians" of all sorts complete the number of people within the walls and apparently out of the reach of water. The buildings before which we stood were covered with discolored stucco work, with little curio shops beneath and along the narrow alley up which we were shown into a little back hall, and then up a fairly wide staircase to the office. I forgot to enquire whether the proprietors were Greeks or Syrians; they were dark and sleepy, took life very placidly, and sat and smoked mostly while the manager and servants distributed the guests to their various rooms. An effort was made by a bland hotel clerk in a fez to induce me to occupy a single bed-room, but, fearful of consequences, I demanded a single room, even if it were no bigger than a closet. The manager explained that it was coming Passion Week and the house was full. Even the proprietors aroused themselves from their lethargy when I made such a stentorian kick, and they assured me that if I would go into a double chamber for just one night they would find a single room next day. I knew better than to accept any such compromise, for I had been guaranteed by Cook & Sons in Cairo a single room, and was well aware that if they could dispose of me otherwise any amount of future protest would be unavailing. Finally I got what I demanded in the shape of a bed-room not much larger than the average bath-room. I might mention before going into weightier subjects that though I was there for two weeks it was never swept. Still, it held my baggage and bed, and a rickety bureau, a shabby washstand, a tremulous table, and a tallow candle, and I had privacy, which is one of the most desirable things to obtain while traveling in an Oriental country. The corridors were well watched to keep thieves out, and though I never locked my door or portmanteau, I lost nothing.

Talking about thieves and pickpockets, Jerusalem next to Naples probably contains as expert an outfit of these light-fingered fellows as can be found anywhere. A priest who was a fellow passenger on the "Hohenzoeller," soon after his arrival went down to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to show his devoutness, and probably to satisfy his curiosity, but he came back a very angry and excited man. While attending to his devotions someone relieved him of his pocketbook, his watch, the money which was in his hip-pocket, and in fact every cent he had about him, together with his letter of credit, his card-case, and his belief in humanity. His parish before he had left presented him with between six and seven hundred dollars, and about five hundred of it still remained in the shape of negotiable paper. His watch, too, had been given him by another parish, and here he stood by the side of the cradle of Christianity without enough to buy his supper, robbed by the people of his own faith, for Mohammedan thieves have a prejudice against entering a Christian church except when on duty as soldiers. He appealed to the United States consul for relief, but that fine patriarchal gentleman had been overworked helping unfortunate who had had their pockets picked, and he was able to do nothing. He went to Thomas Cook & Sons, upon whom he had drafts, but they could give him no money without a sight of the drafts and the letter of identification, both of which had disappeared, and he could not pawn his watch, for that was gone. However, a group of American priests who were staying at another hotel relieved his embarrassment and gave him funds to communicate with America by cable, and he probably got out of it somehow, with his Jerusalem illusions all gone.

The plan of the hotels in and around Jerusalem is similar to the one which is seen so much on the Continent, but no one seems to have the knack of keeping anything quite clean. The dust which floats in clouds penetrates every crack and crevice and makes the task of cleanliness a difficult one. However, as they do not work very hard at dusting and scrubbing, the result is even less satisfactory than it might be.

Soon after our arrival we were summoned to the table d'hôte dinner, at which probably a hundred or a hundred and twenty sat down. The waiters are nearly all Syrians, and they get about with the various dishes with a celerity which is surprising, but as each waiter has about twenty people to attend to, the waits are sometimes very long and the food as cold as the climate will permit it to become. Beginning on a thin soup, out of which the waiter generally is detected in snatching a thumb as he puts it down, and having some pickled fish and some other indigestible delicacy to follow, one generally plunges next into the chief viand of Palestine—stewed sheep. The roast beef is as a rule unsatisfactory, the macaroni generally good, the dessert almost invariably poor, while the cheese, which is imported, can be relied upon. They have few vegetables, and nearly everybody drinks either the native, Italian or French



A Popular Conception of Toronto's Assessment Department.

wine. The water at the hotel is said to be boiled and filtered, but is generally looked upon with suspicion, and a great deal of soda and Apollinaris is used. Many of the English lady tourists carried little silver flasks from which they poured into their drink a tablespoonful or two of Scotch whisky, said to be a good preventive of typhoid. Both in Cairo and in Jerusalem, particularly in Jerusalem, frequent cases of typhoid prove either fatal or of such a lingering character as to keep everyone in dread of the plain everyday water. Why Jerusalem is not a perfect pest-house I can hardly understand, for it has no sewage system, and if they have scavengers I never saw them at work or noticed any signs that they had spent any time or energy in cleaning the streets. They may have some co-operative imitation of a sanitary system or something under government control, but that it is absolutely ineffectual both the sight and smell of the streets convince the visitor with sickening suddenness.

Hezekiah's Pool, said to have been once filled by the aqueducts of Solomon—now relying largely on the rainfall for water—is a large square in the center of the most populous district. I was told it was four or five feet deep, and its waters lap the walls of the houses which surround it without a break. Despite the prohibition of the authorities, I was told by my dragoman, whose house adjoins the pool, that nearly all the people living next this stagnant or semi-stagnant water throw their garbage into it. Of course it was not Hezekiah's design to create a cesspool four or five hundred feet square, but such it has become, and that the whole neighborhood is not stricken with malaria is one of the many sanitary conundrums which Jerusalem presents.

Water is brought into the city in pigskins, which retain the shape of the animal minus the head and feet. It is not appetizing to see the fluid which one has to drink pouring from one of these ugly receptacles, under the superintendence of a donkey-boy clothed in a couple of yards of rags, a few sores, and a great deal of dirt.

After the above remarks with regard to the water supply of Jerusalem were in type early this week a despatch appeared in the daily papers saying that the ancient aqueducts and reservoirs of Jerusalem were again to be brought into use. Owing to the droughts of the present year there has been great distress, and the Pasha governing the district of Palestine in which Jerusalem is situated was able to secure the Sultan's consent to lay a pipe from Solomon's Pools, nine miles south of the city, thus to revive some of the ancient fountains. I visited Solomon's Pools one day when I was taking a trip to Bethlehem and found them extraordinarily large reservoirs, three in number if I remember rightly, each at a different level from the others. They have sloping banks, and are built much after the fashion of the reservoirs of to-day, but they contained altogether but little water, and from the high bank on which I stood that little appeared none too clean. The ancient aqueduct ran from the level of the lowest pool with just enough incline to make the water flow from the greater to the lesser height—they had not then learned that water would find its level. There was no visible supply of any magnitude whatever, and indeed the only spring I saw was at the top of the upper wall, near an old caravansary which had centuries ago been abandoned. There a spring bubbled up about the size which would come out of a two or three-inch pipe. By the time this little stream had wandered through the sun to where the water lay at the bottom of the first pool, there was not enough water for more than a dozen boys to go in paddling. No doubt there are other springs, probably those referred to by Solomon as sealed fountains, of which he speaks in his Songs, "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed," and probably the outlet is in a tunnel with stone roofing, which none of the tourists entered, though there is little sign of an escaping stream; but that so much is made of carrying this water by pipe along an already prepared level for nine miles shows how precious such fluid is in a country of sun-baked sand, rock-strewn hills, and in the dusty, dirty streets of Jerusalem itself.

There is very little drinking, either of water or liquor, except at meal time, and there is not really what would be called in America a bar-room in the whole city. In the many dirty little wine shops, each class of the population gathers by itself, consuming native liquors of a vinous character, and everlastingly smoking cigarettes, talking and gesticulating as if affairs of state were under discussion, while probably the topic is nothing more absorbing than the merits of a donkey or the pickings that have been obtained out of some of the tourists and pilgrims. The Germans of Jerusalem, as usual, are prosperous and have a little beer-saloon where they gather and read the papers, discuss the politics of the Fatherland, and consume considerable quantities of Bavarian lager. Spirits are sold nowhere by the glass except at the table of the hotels, and the whole population can be said to be exceedingly temperate, probably because they lack money enough to be anything else. Those in Anglo-Saxon countries who claim that poverty and crime, shuffles, dirt and hunger are largely caused by inemperance, can find a conclusive rebuttal of their argument in Palestine. There nobody drinks anything but the weakest possible dilution of wine, and very little of that, and yet almost all the natives are half-naked, sore-eyed, dirty, hungry, and poverty-stricken. As I may point out further along, no country in the world has more effort bestowed upon it by outsiders for the education of the inhabitants by means of free mission schools, colleges of all sorts for boys and girls of every denomination, yet the

natives seem to refuse to be uplifted, or else the soil is so poor and the opportunities so few that progress is impossible. Great sections of mission funds, much private benevolence, and an incredible amount of personal self-sacrifice and expenditure made by people of means in the way of teaching, nursing and preaching, have been devoted to making the inhabitants of Palestine self-supporting and energetic. As far as I could find out in a two weeks' sojourn, much of this schooling, nursing and personal effort would have had vastly more results had they been directed to the poor of the countries which have been struggling so hard to evangelize Palestine, for apparently the majority only learn enough English to peddle rugs, act as dragomans, wait at table, or pester the visitor with curios.

It seemed odd to be shown down a half-lit corridor with rows of dusty shoes before the doors, and to have a tallow candle as the sole illumination of one's bedroom. Down in the alley below all was dark and quiet by half-past nine, but at dawn donkeys were braying, drivers were shouting, and I found that Jerusalem was early astir.

(To be continued.)

Life.

I see a city in ceaseless strife,
In weary murmur—they call it Life.

A noisy city—with trumpet flare,
And golden splendor and gilded care;

With competition upon the marts
Boldly bidding for human hearts

And useless, restless, ceaseless toil—
To make a memory in the soil!

A silent city—(this din and care
Upon the market is only there.

For souls in whispers their secrets tell
To Him who builded the mansion well.

And weave, and listen, and work, and wait
To hear His knocking upon the gate.)

Within a valley, with verdure rife,
They say the Master has planted Life.

And spread the mountains around about
To shield from Danger, protect from Doubt.

And it is whispered upon the plain
"The King is coming again to reign!"

"Again will Silence, and Joy, and Strife
Bow low to welcome the King of Life!"

DELLA LEECH.

A Ring Story.

A clergyman tells a fish story in the New York "Tribune" which taxes one's credulity till the explanation makes the improbable probable. He and his wife were out in a boat on a lake, and the lady was trailing her hand through the water. When she took up her hand her wedding-ring was gone. The lake was deep, and although considerable effort was made to recover the ring, it was useless.

Three years later the minister and his wife and young son again visited the neighborhood, and as he and the boy were looking for birds in the tree-tops, he noticed some shining object on a twig about twenty feet from the ground. The boy climbed up, and to their great surprise it was the lost wedding-ring. The tree was at least a mile from the lake where the ring was lost.

"I was not a believer in fairies," declares the minister, "and I was puzzled to know how the ring got on the tree. I began to investigate for material causes. The top of the tree had deadened, and with a suspicion in my mind, I sent my son up to see what signs might be above the green boughs."

"And up there he found the remains of a fish-hawk's nest, and putting this and that together I came to the conclusion that the hawk had caught the fish that had gobbled up my wife's ring in the lake, and had taken it to the nest for the young hawks. They didn't care for jewelry, and had left it in the nest, from which, as the nest was blown to pieces by the wind and beaten by the storms, the ring had dropped out, and by chance had caught on the twig where I found it."

Afraid of Forming a Bad Habit.

The "Green Bag" tells of a local justice of the peace who has promulgated the following among his set of rules governing practice before him:

o. "Please don't ask me to take a drink during business hours. I can't go, and I do not want to get into the habit of refusing."

"I dread to think of my fortieth birthday." "Why? Did something unpleasant happen then?"

Mr. Dooley on the Philippine War.

(Some Remarks Unreported by Mr. F. P. Dunne.)

"HAVEN'T har-d you say anythin' fr a long while about the Philippines," remarked Hennessy. "Y' have a lot to say about the Boor war, and come down har-d on th' English Gover'mint, but what about our own?"

"Th' pint is well ta-ken, Hinnissy, as me frind Alderman Doyle wud say," replied Mr. Dooley. "Th' gover'mint is prepared to give a reply to the hon'ble gentleman's question, as they say in th' House iv Commons, and to explain the paycularity ye've just called till the attention iv the House. The reason why I lose no chants to jar-r th' English be manes iv a solar plexus just under the hear-rt is two-fold, as me frind Professor Garge Vincint iv the Checawgo University wud observe. In th' first place, I'm Irish, and it's expected iv me. I'm not the man to see me counthry sufferin' whin I c'n do her a good turn without anny throuble to meself. Words is aisy to me, Hinnissy; rethrick rolls aff me tongue as aisy as the prespiration is now doin' aff me brow. I was born with it and it costs me nothin'. As I raymarked a minyit ago, I'm Irish, Jawn. In the next place—as the lawyer up in Judge Jimison's divorce court says, whin he's showin' ra-asons why they sh'd lave the woman go free fr'm mathrimonial bonds an' marry her husband's cousin—in the next place, I'm a business man. Wor you laborin' under the impression, Jawn, th't I'm payin' me license to the carp'ration an' me assessments to th' Dimmycrat pa-arty and th' squidge at reg'lar intervals to the Rayppublican alderman iv the Ward, fr the good iv me health? I have to do business, Hinnissy, and I don't allow meself to forget that me commercial relationships, as Chancy Depew w'd say, is here in Checawgo, the methropolis iv the United States. I'm not a fool, Jawn, and as Checawgo thinks, so Dooley talks. Me philosophy is iv the practic'l breed. I'm livin' so long here now that I've got the Checawgo pint iv view, as me frind President Harper wud say—and me wan question is, is they money in it? I'm agin th' English Gover'mint be right iv birth, but forby that, I must draw custom to this bar-r, and so I strive to discha-arge me duty as wan th't remimbers 'twas from Checawgo the bould sojers wint th't jin'd the Boor ar-mny and wud hev got up agin th' inimy but fr pressin' business callin' them away. You see me situation, Jawn?"

"I do," said Hennessy. "but y' haven't towld me what you think about the Philippines."

"Naw; but I'm coming to that," replied Mr. Dooley.

"Wan reason fr me soillance is that the war-r in the Philippines is over this while back. Mack says so, and he ought to know. It was indeed last Fourt' iv July. The whole iv the arkypelligoo fr near a mile round Manila come together on that grand and glorious day and folleyed the flag wid an outburst iv pathritism aiquil till what the Rayppublicans iv the ould school hes fr Mark Hanna. They was the usual exercises and radin' iv the immortal Declar-ation iv Indipendence. Th' commander in chief hunted round for a man iv nerve and darin' reckless char-r-r-acter to do the job iv radin' it, and iv course he picked out Funston. A man that cul swim a river wid bullets whizzin' all round him, and th't was aiquil to the good-ol' confidence skin game that was played on Aginaldoo was the very boy fr the contrract. None better could be got now that Benedick Arnold is deceased. So iv course Funston tuck it in han' and stud up in the public mar-rket place like a statue made iv brass and read it out without regar-d to consequences. He's a bowld divil, is Funston, Jawn. Before goin' on wid the radin' he med a few ray-marks. 'Fellow citizens,' he says, 'I'm about to read out till yez the glorious ould docymint,' he says, 'that was rote years ago whin the Filipinos,' he says, 'I beg par-don, I mane the American pathrits, stood up to defend their counthry agin the tyrant Mackinley.' The commander in chief gae a pull to his coat-tail and he says, 'Excuse me, gentlemint, I shud say King Garge. While I'm radin' it,' he says, 'I hope our fellow citizens iv the off color breed will not shoot fr,' he says, 'that w'd be the act iv a coward.' Here they was cries iv 'Who buncoed Aginaldoo?' But he wint on and took no notice iv it, and whin he finished his raymarks he read out the Declar-ation ivery word, and I'm towld it was as good as a vaudeville show to see the expression iv the Filipinos whin he come to them words, 'all min created free and aiquil,' and 'gover'mint don't go whin it hasn't the consint iv the governed.' You see, Jawn, sothe iv thim nagurs understands the American language, and they looked mighty queer intirely, and would have cheered at the noble sintimints, only they wor afear'd iv the sodjers. It was a great Fourt' iv July, and peace went to the bat that day. Aginaldoo took the oath like a gentlemint, and is the makin' iv a good American citizen iv they don't lave him get away to rasume offinsive operations. Yes, Hinnissy, the war is over."

"Well, why don't our ar-mny come home, thin?" asked Hennessy. "What are they stayin' there for?"

"Fr the sea bathin'," replied Mr. Dooley, "thim that's well enough to be out iv hospital and is not occupied teachin' civilization to the natives be runnin' faro games and the loikes iv that, is resitin' at the watherin' places. Forby, it wudn't be polite to come home till the War Department invites thim. But the war is done; the Filipinos come to see they was not fit fr self-gover'mint and need a helpin' hand. They know nothin' iv burnin' at the stake, nor divorcin' be electricity, nor gover'mint be Thrusts and injuncions, nor runnin' police depar-tments fr the protection iv crime. So they've trun' down their ar-rms, and h'isted Old Glory."

"But didn't ye say Aginaldoo might get away and rasume hostilities?" said Hennessy, somewhat puzzled.

"Have they an ar-mny still?"

"They have, Jawn," replied Dooley; "but the killin' amounts to nothin'. They was only 150 killed las' week. We can hold on to Manila and a few more posts if nothin' happens, and we get some reinforcements soon."

"Dooley," said Hennessy, with aawning light in his face, "you're pullin' me leg. The Filipinos is not bate yet, and—"

"Whisht!" cried Dooley, glancing quickly around.

"Come in here, Jawn," and he led the way to a back room.

"Whisper," said he, mysteriously. "The war is not over, and won't be fr years. What's more, I told Dunne the same thing whin he was in here the other evenin', and I told him more, that our Gover'mint's doin's in the Philippines is tin times worse ivery way nor England's in the Boor wa-ar—but he dassint put it in the pa-aper, and I'm glad iv it, fr it would ruin me if he did."

As they emerged into the bar again, Dooley loudly remarked—"That's what I say, Jawn, down with England, and long live the Boors forever."

Dunne had just dropped in.

J. W. BENGOUGH.

Explicit Directions.

The value of a recipe lies partly in its being accurately set down and followed. "Harper's Magazine" has the following directions for making a breakfast delicacy called pop-overs, as they were imparted by the Chinese servant to a lady visiting in the family:

"You takee him one egg," said the master of the kitchen, "one lit' cup milk. You fixee him one cup flour on sieve, take pinch salt—you not put him in lump. You move him egg lit' bit slow; you put him milk in, all time move. You makee him flour' go in, not move fast, so have no spots. Makee but'led pan all same wa-m, not too hot. Putlee him in oven. Now you mind you business. No like woman run look at him all time. Him done all same time biscuit."

Where there's a will, there's a way for lawyers to break it.—Boston "Transcript."

"Papa, what does it mean to be blase?" "My boy, it is getting tired of all the things that are not worth living for."



War Canoe Champions of America 1900-1901.

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

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New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen
 Valerian Maria Theresia, Tues. Sept. 10, 10 a.m.
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MEDITERRANEAN

Trave, Thurs. Aug. 31, 10 a.m.
 Sardinia, Sat. Sept. 1, 10 a.m.
 Sardinia, Sat. Sept. 1, 10 a.m.
 Sardinia, Sat. Sept. 1, 10 a.m.
 Sardinia, Sat. Sept. 1, 10 a.m.
 Sardinia, Sat. Sept. 1, 10 a.m.

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falo to New York.

This complete train service is by the New York Central, the fare by which from Canadian points is the same as by other lines, except by "Empire State Express." Get in the popular swim, and take the New York Central when on your way to New York or Boston.

Anecdotal.

General Grant on one occasion ran into a private in the Confederate ranks, and the private called: "General, where are you going?" "To Petersburg, I think, but maybe to heaven or to hell," the general replied. "Well, I will tell you, general," the soldier said, dryly, "Bob Lee is in heaven, and Hell is the only place left for you." Grant enjoyed the thrust, grim as it was.

President Tucker of Dartmouth College has been in the habit of spending his summers on a New Hampshire farm. The family becoming dissatisfied with certain details—the proximity of the pigpen to the house and the manners of the servant girl—he wrote to the farmer that he could come no more, and mentioned these objections. In a few days he received the following conciliatory reply: "Dear sir: There ain't been no hogs since you left, and Hannah has went."

A certain judge who once presided over a criminal court was famous as one of the most compassionate men who ever sat on the bench. His softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge. One man who had been convicted of stealing a small amount was brought into court for sentence. He looked very sad and hopeless, and the court was much moved by his contrite appearance. "Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the judge asked. "Never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears. "Don't cry, don't cry," said the judge, consolingly, "you're going to be now!"

In a Massachusetts town last winter James A. Rile was asked by a gaunt, funeral sort of chap what he should say by way of introducing him to an assemblage. "Oh," said Mr. Rile, in a spirit of levity, "say anything you like. Say I am the most distinguished citizen in the country. They generally do." Whereupon his funeral friend marched upon the stage and calmly announced to the audience that he did not know this man Rile, whom he was charged with introducing, never heard of him. "He tells me," he went on, with never a wink, "that he is the most distinguished citizen in the country. You can judge for yourselves when you have heard him."

The other day a noted physician, going into the free dispensary of the New York Medical College and Hospital for Women, found three or four little girls who, while awaiting treatment, were huddled together on one bench, eagerly discussing something of great interest, which, on investigation, proved to be a much-handled "chunk" of candy. In astonishment, the physician asked what they were doing. Some questioning finally elicited an explanation from the biggest girl, who shamefacedly explained that "de one what tells de biggest lie wins it." "Oh," said the doctor, "I am ashamed of you, when I was little like you I never told lies." A

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BRIDAL CAKE

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This is included in our Wedding Stationery—where we make, print and engrave the finest invitations, announcements and cards.

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Warning to Mariners.

N. Y. "Life."

A good story is told of one of the dignitaries of the Scottish Church. Before he became known to fame he was minister of a remote parish in Perthshire, and was not considered a particularly attractive preacher. At his suggestion extensive alterations were made in the transept of his church, and these had the effect of sweeping away considerable seating accommodation. One day after the alterations had been effected, he visited the church to see how it looked. "What do you think of the improvements, John?" he asked of the beadle. "Improvements!" exclaimed John in disdain. "They're no improvements at all. Whaur are ye goin' to put the folk?" "Oh," said the minister, "we have abundance of room, John, considering the size of the congregation." "That's a very weel the noo," returned the beadle, "but what will ye do when we get a popular minister?"

Colonel Andrew S. Burt of the Twenty-fifth Infantry (colored), U.S., believes that one of the best ways for his men to pass away the tedious hours of garrison duty is to play baseball and other outdoor games. On one occasion, despite his gray locks, he consented to take the place of an injured member of a team, informing the captain that for the nonce he was "just one of the players, not the colonel." The dusky captain did not immediately reply, but as soon as the colonel batted a three-bagger, he yelled out: "Go down! Go down! Yo' skinny, pie-faced, bow-legged little debil. Str yo' foots, yo' son ob er camp cook! Dat's right! Kick de stuffin' out'n dat second basemen! Run; whoop 'em up! Yo' runs lak er cow; youse er wooden man. N'y' don't yo' stir yo' foots? Dat's it! Run lak er corple was terline yo'." The colonel paid no attention to this stream of abuse, but when the game was over, he faced the dusky baseball captain, who gravely saluted, and said: "Private Johnson, I am now and from henceforth Colonel Burt."

Speaking of the brutality of bygone parliamentary debates at Westminster, the "Outlook" recalls that O'Connell on one occasion spoke of the "beastly beltings" of his opponents. Up sprang a noble lord, who had apparently been dining. "If," said he, solemnly, "the word 'beastly' is retracted, I shall be satisfied. If not, I shall not be satisfied." To this O'Connell retorted: "I do not care whether the noble lord be satisfied or not." "If wish you would give me satisfaction," pleaded the outraged nobleman. But all he got from O'Connell for his pains was a contemptuous "I advise the noble lord to carry his liquor meekly." Even the House of Lords, where "scenes" are so seldom witnessed, was once enlivened by a peer's too ready familiarity with Shakespeare. The great Earl of Derby—the "Rupert of debate"—took the Bishop of Oxford sharply to task for using the word "chicane," whereupon Wilberforce explained that he had made the allusion "with a smile and in a playful way." Derby retorted: "I accept the explanation; but when he tells me that it is impossible for him to say anything offensive because he has a smiling face, he will forgive me if I quote in his presence from a well-known author without intending in the least to apply the words to him—

A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

This of course gave rise to a tremendous hubbub, for the idea of associating "villainy" with lawn sleeves—especially those of "Soapy Sam"—threw the decorum of the House completely off its balance for the time being.

On Swimming Facilities.

Readjustment and a Green Winter.

Wanted—A Belle.

SEVERAL ladies have written to me during the last month regarding the possibility of establishing swimming baths for women in Toronto. While these are not a pressing necessity they would certainly be a great boon and the means of many a woman becoming proficient in the natatorial art.

who now takes the course of the leaden bullet when she gets out of her depth in the water. Even I might learn to swim, though so far my denseness has baffled the cleverest teachers. The good swimmers, however, seem to labor under certain disadvantages which I should consider, before learning to swim very well indeed. They are generally the ones to have cramps in the water, to dive off high places and knock their skulls against boulders, and to have leaden-bullet swimmers clutch them in their hour of peril and insist upon taking them along to the bottom. Therefore, I don't believe I shall learn to swim—at least if I do, it will be within wise limits of proficiency. The girls who are so anxious to bring their project for women's swimming-schools and baths before the notice of our local Carnegies have started their project like the fall wheat farmer his sowing, and perhaps it will bear fruit next year.

Perhaps away back of all reasons why I cannot swim is a very ancient prophecy that I am to depart this particular bit of my existence by the watery way. I look upon the ocean with a speculative eye every time I cross it, wondering whether I shall go down to Davy Jones or not. All small sailboats and dinky canoes I utterly abjure, and yet go gaily off on steamers that would make elegant wrecks, and some of 'em have! But whenever I try to swim, back comes the prophecy of the sea—three queer things, which have each been verified curiously—and this also, "You will be drowned." Now, what's the use of learning to swim, even if drowning? Better fold one's hands in a dignified manner and go down, "bubble-bubble," than work for nothing. All the same, I hope in some way these women who are writing to me will get their tank, their swimming lessons and

Warning to Mariners.

N. Y. "Life."



Captain Heartless of the good ship "Cynicus" reports, latitude 900 north, longitude 4-11-44, that he was chased by a suspicious craft, with no side lights, and that he barely escaped capture.

their healthful exercise after all, and that they never may meet with a cramp or a concussion of the brain when they tackle Muskoka or Ontario lakes.

I wish some Ward McAllister would arise and match the partners at a dance! Have you ever sat and watched the huge girl and the warm, breathless and small young man, or the tall young athlete with a curved spine through trying to retain his grip upon a tiny scrap of a girl about up to his elbow, or the stout old gentleman frisking recklessly with the patient and sylph-like belle, or the old lady being carefully piloted by some young chap who has taken the Nelson expectation too much to heart? All very trying, both to the actors and the spectators. Suppose, now, one might have a quadrille for dancers weighing over two hundred and another for skinny people, and another in which nothing over twenty-five years might enter, and a bald-headed man's polka, and a fat man's waltz, here and there through the programme. And as Hans says, each class must keep "together mit themselves." Then it would be fun to sit out dances and watch, for needlessness to say, you and I should not care to dance!

The holiday people are all back—that is, those to whom July and August are the platinums of the year—the law manipulators, the society butterflies, the little men and maids from school, the students from conservatory and university, none of whom, with rare exceptions, spend those two months in the city. The teachers, too, have shaken the dust of the asphalt off their shoes, and have been forgetting clasp and pupils by the seashore or in the wilderness. And they look better, so brown and vigorous and energetic, for another ten months' work. The dress-makers are "receiving" and showing mysteriously packed secrets of texture and shade for the coming winter's doings. They tell me that in London this season is to be a "green" season—fashions, furniture, brocades and curtains, carpets and rugs are all green. The show windows have robed in the good old Irish color. If this prove true, and that smart functions are to be attended in half-mourning—black or white, gray, lavender, violet—won't the scarlet uniforms be a relief in the "bed of violets" that the green rooms and the purple dames will recall? There's nothing so pretty as a soft green carpet. Our association makes its beauty, the memory of close, fine, rain-freshened turf, and fairy-like moss and fern in some deep shaded place. Green curtains are grateful to the sight, tempering the glare of sun as nature curtains it, but green furniture rather stops my flow of approval. And why green in London, I wonder? If His Majesty were in his heyday one might discover a delicate allusion, a veiled and spring-like compliment; but he is far from his salad days, and yet as far from a "green old age." Evidently one cannot find an inspiration near the throne for the new color wave of which I am told.

The other day I caught a glimpse of a blonde woman and didn't find her displeasing, but here is the description I heard given of her by a friend. "My dear, imagine a dough-dumpling face, boiled gooseberry eyes, corn-tassel hair, putty nose and a smirk, and there you are!" Everyone roared, because the description was given in a rich Irish rollicking voice, without a tone of malice, but really, it was rough on the blonde.

"Numbers of pretty girls, but not one belle," announced the club-man as he prophesied for next winter. "Never saw a larger average of nice-looking young things. Hope they have a busy winter of it. But in my memory a successful season needs a belle. One superior beauty to set the men going, to be quoted, admired, imitated, and I don't see how, in my young days we had—" but here a saucy young girl said, "Don't be tiresome," and the old beau subsided. LADY GAY.

A Child's Logic.

He was very young. To be precise, he was five years and seven months. As long as he could remember he had had to set aside part of the moneys he received to educate the little children of China. He didn't love them as much as he should, or he would not have asked: "Mother, they're killing all the Chinese children, aren't they?" "Yes, isn't it dreadful? Are you not glad you are not a little Chinese boy?" "Yes, but when they get them all killed, I won't have to send them any more of my money, will I?"

Brooklyn Workingman's Wife (in 1901)—What's happened, Danny? Her Husband (desperately)—Well, I've been fired by J. P. Morgan, and there's nobody else in the world to work for! Brooklyn "Citizen."

Professor Dabney—Ah, well, love is blind. Miss Penelope—Oh, no, Professor; love isn't blind—it is cross-eyed; it sees a lot of things it doesn't see, and it doesn't see a lot of things it ought to see.

Ladies

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Accordion or Knife... PLEATING

Ruching, Shirring, Pinking, etc., or Silk and Muslin Hemstitched, Corded, Tucked or Fancy stitched, for Blouses, Eton Coats or other uses, call on

Canada Featherbone Co.

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To insure better style and economy, see that the Silk Belts you wear are braided and supported with Featherbone.

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These elegant new Parisian designs have, to a phenomenal degree, been accorded the stamp of public favoritism, due to their straight front correctness of cut, faultless construction and symmetrical mould.

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Chronic Cases of

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Intense Suffering, Great Weakness, Lingering Misery—Cures Effected by

Dr. Chase's

Kidney-Liver Pills

Most people are familiar with the symptoms of kidney disorders—pain in the back, deposits in the urine, loss of flesh, smarting when passing water, indigestion and constipation. Kidney disorders are too painful and too fatal to be neglected. The most prompt and thoroughly effective treatment that has ever been offered for kidney disease is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. That this is true is proven by such evidence as the following:

Mr. Thomas A. Embree, general merchant, Springfield, N.S., writes: "As the result of a severe cold settling on the kidneys I contracted kidney disease which lingered for years, causing me much suffering from terrible pains in the back. For some time I was entirely unable to work, and although I tried several physicians I could only obtain slight temporary relief. 'Having heard of the merits of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in many similar cases, I began to use them, and after taking seven boxes was completely cured. The cure is due entirely to the use of the great medicine which has since cured several persons to whom I recommended them.' Mr. Mortimer Chase, Concession, Ont., states: "This is to certify that I was troubled with kidney disease so badly that life was a burden to me. I could find no ease either night or day, as the pains in my back were almost unendurable, and to stoop over would almost set me crazy. I lost flesh to such an extent that I was reduced to 115 pounds, my general weight being 140 pounds. I could not sleep or rest, no matter what position I was in. 'For about four years I was in this dreadful condition. My father and brother told me about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which had benefited them, and I began using them. After taking part of a box I began to feel somewhat better. I have taken in all seven boxes and am now as sound and well as ever I was, able to do a man's work and with no recurrence of my former kidney complaint.' Mr. J. J. Ward, J. P., certifies that he knows Mr. Chase to be a man of truthfulness and integrity, and believes this statement of his cure to be perfectly correct."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have by far the largest sale of any similar preparation. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Quite a Catalogue of Virtues.

This alphabetical advertisement appeared in the London "Times" in 1842: Wanted by a lady, a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is Agreeable, Becoming, Careful, Desirable, English, Facetious, Generous, Honest, Industrious, Judicious, Keen, Lively, Merry, Natty, Obedient, Philosophic, Quiet, Regular, Sociable, Tasteful, Useful, Vivacious, Womanish, Xanthippish, Youthful, Zealous, etc. Address X. Y. Z., Simmonds' Library, Edgeware Road."

An Arraignment of Russia

In view of the rumors of Russian interference in the Boer war, a fine rellish goes with the following bitter arraignment of the Czar's government by a Pole. The verses appeared in the last number of the London "Outlook" and are regarded as quite the equal of Swinburne's famous "White Car." TO RUSSIA. To taunt a foe, and pay an ancient debt, Well I remember those great Rights of Man; Well you remember them—and well forget When force is yours, and what you will, you can. Dear to the groans of household slaves, Even in the dust, for gyves less rankling pray; How quick you are to hear and echo loud The yells of rebels half the globe away! Afar, you see the Lion fight the Ape; You call their strife Civilization's blot; Your sister lies in chains at her last gasp Before you dying; yet you see her not. You grind us year by year and day by day; And when your darlings, crushed in fight, turn to you for aid, of British greed the prey; For them you weep—and laugh to hear us wail! "England," you cry, "has from her duty turned. False to her mission, false to liberty." Knout-worshippers! say whence and how What that word means. What is it to be free? O Giant, holding in your monstrous clutch A world in darkness and cold death immersed. Would you had done for freedom half so much In your best days, as England in her worst! —Michael Henry Dziewicki, Cracow, Austria.

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 —NO DRESS—
 —NOT CARBONATED—

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The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

Stained

Special water charge. The artist's work are well

ROBERT

87 KING ST.

J. W. L.

Stained

The Liar.

From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

I NEVER loved but one woman. I passed five years with her in perfect happiness. I can truly say that to her I owe my success, because of her freedom from care and because she imbued me with some of her great ambition. From the first moment we met, it seemed to me that I had always loved her. Her beauty and character answered all my dreams. That woman never left me; she died in my house, in my arms, and still loving me. But when I think of her it drives me mad. If I attempt to describe her as she was during the five years, in all the glory of her love, with her tall, avelte figure, her clear-cut features, like an Oriental Jew's, her luminous pale face, her cheerful talk, her voice soft and sweet as her glance; if I try to bring again to my mind that vision of delight, it is only to say—I hate her!

Her name was Clotilde. In the house in which I first met her, she was known as Mme. Deloche, the widow of a captain long since dead. She appeared to have traveled extensively. In her conversation she would sometimes say, "When I was at Tampico," or, perhaps, "Once during a raid in Valparaiso." Aside from these remarks, nothing in her manner, in her language, suggested a nomadic life; nothing of that disorder and hurry incident to quick departures or untimely arrivals. She was a Parisian, dressed always with exquisite taste, without a burlesque or those eccentric scraps by which one recognizes the wives of officers and marines who are perpetually on the move.

When I found that I loved her, my only idea was to ask her hand in marriage. A friend spoke to her for me, she replied simply that she should never marry. Therefore I avoided places where I would see her, and, as I was too unhappy to work, I resolved to go away. I was making preparations for departure when, one morning in the midst of the confusion of packing, Mme. Deloche entered my apartment.

"Why do you go away?" she asked. "Because you love me? I also love you; only—here her voice trembled a little—"only, I am married." And she told me her history.

It was a story of love and desertion. Her husband was dissipated; he had beaten her. They separated at the end of three years. Her family, of whom she seemed very proud, occupied high positions in Paris, but since her husband's death she had been a widow. She was a niece of the Grand Rabbi. Her sister, widow of an officer of high rank, had married for a second husband the general of the guard at St. Germain. As for herself, financially ruined by her husband, she had fortunately been highly educated and possessed several accomplishments, of which she now made use. She gave lessons in music in the wealthy families of the Chaussée d'Antin and the Faubourg St. Germain.

Her story was touching, but quite long; full of the pretty repetitions and interminable incidents which crowd the talk of women. I hired a pretty little house in the Avenue de l'Imperatrice. I passed the first year listening to her, looking at her, without thinking of work. It was she who first urged me to enter my studio, and fired me with ambition to become a great artist. I could not induce her to give up her pupils. This independence touched me deeply. I admired the proud soul which made me feel a little humiliated before the expressed wish to owe nothing, except to her own exertions. We were thus separated every day.

With what happiness I returned home, so impatient when she was late, so happy when I found her there before me. From her pupils in Paris she brought me rare flowers. I often forced her to accept some present, but she laughingly said that she was richer than I, and the lessons must have been very profitable, for she always dressed with great elegance, and always in black, which she wore through coquetry, on account of her complexion. Her beauty was enhanced by heavy velvet, shining jets, lustrous satins, and masses of silky laces. All her pupils, daughters of bankers and financiers, adored and respected her; and more than once she showed me a bracelet, a bangle, or a piece of lace, which one of them had given her.

Except when at work, we were never separated. Only on Sunday she went to Saint Germain to see her sister, the wife of the general, with whom, long ago, she had made her peace. I accompanied her to the station. She returned the same evening, and often, when the days were long, we would make a rendezvous, and go to row on the water or for a walk in the woods. She would tell me about her visit, how pretty the children were, and how happy they were together. It seemed to make her so unhappy, that

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The Strenuous Life.

It takes hustle and hurry and work to succeed in this world. Quick-witted, bright, energetic men are the ones who succeed. Don't let a bad stomach and poor digestion anchor you to failure. Abbey's Effervescent Salt will sever the bonds. It corrects the mistakes that neglect makes. Makes the system healthy and keeps it so.

Start taking Abbey's Effervescent Salt to-day. You'll notice its health-giving effect at once. It clears the head and steadies the nerves by setting the stomach right and the digestive organs in natural, healthful working order.

Try a small bottle (25 cents). You'll find it sufficient to prove our claims.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT. 25c and 60c a bottle.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Gives the Health that Makes Success.

I redoubled my tenderness in order to make her forget her sorrow.

What happy times of work and confidence we had! I suspected nothing. Everything she said appeared so true, so natural. I could reproach her with only one thing: sometimes, in telling me about the families to which her pupils belonged, she gave a quantity of intimate details and told of imaginary intrigues. She saw always the romance around her, and seemed to live in dramatic combinations. These dreams troubled my happiness; I, who wished to fly from the rest of the world to live alone with her, often found her occupied with indifferent things. But I could not pardon these dreams in a woman young and unhappy, whose life had been a sad romance without hope of a happy denouement.

Once only I became suspicious, or rather, uneasy. One Sunday evening, she did not return. I was in despair. What should I do? Go to Saint Germain? I could not do that without entering my studio, and fired me with ambition to become a great artist. I could not induce her to give up her pupils. This independence touched me deeply. I admired the proud soul which made me feel a little humiliated before the expressed wish to owe nothing, except to her own exertions. We were thus separated every day.

With what happiness I returned home, so impatient when she was late, so happy when I found her there before me. From her pupils in Paris she brought me rare flowers. I often forced her to accept some present, but she laughingly said that she was richer than I, and the lessons must have been very profitable, for she always dressed with great elegance, and always in black, which she wore through coquetry, on account of her complexion. Her beauty was enhanced by heavy velvet, shining jets, lustrous satins, and masses of silky laces. All her pupils, daughters of bankers and financiers, adored and respected her; and more than once she showed me a bracelet, a bangle, or a piece of lace, which one of them had given her.

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the depths of her soul. But she remained mute—passive.

I was trembling with rage. "You never gave lessons! I have been everywhere. No one knows you. Come, where did you get the money, those laces, those jewels?" She gave me one long, sad look, and that was all. I should have spared her. I should have allowed her to die in peace. But I loved her too much. Jealousy was stronger than pity.

"You have deceived me for five years," I went on. "You have lied to me every day, every hour. You know all my life, and I know absolutely nothing of yours. Nothing—not even your name! Because it is not yours, this name that you bear. Oh, liar, liar!"

She was dying, and I not to know what name to call her! "Come now, who are you? Where did you come from? Why did you come into my life? Speak! Tell me something!"

Instead of replying she turned her face to the wall, as if she feared that her last look would give up her secret. And thus she died—died without divulging her secret, a liar to the end!

A Few Facts

About the New Catarrh Cure.

The new Catarrh Cure is a new departure in so-called catarrh cures because it actually cures, and is not simply a temporary relief.

The new Catarrh Cure is not a salve, ointment, powder nor liquid, but a pleasant-tasting tablet, containing the best specifics for catarrh in a concentrated, convenient form.

The old style of catarrh salves and ointments are greasy, dirty and inconvenient at the best; the new preparation, being in tablet form, is always clean and convenient.

The new Catarrh Cure is superior to catarrh powders, because it is a notorious fact that many catarrh powders contain cocaine.

The new catarrh cure is called Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, a wholesome combination of blood root, beachwood tar, gualacol and other antiseptics, and cures by its action upon the blood and mucous membrane, the only rational treatment for catarrhal trouble.

You do not have to draw upon your imagination to discover whether you are getting benefit from Stuart's Catarrh Tablets: Improvements and relief are apparent from the first tablet taken.

All druggists sell and recommend them. They cost but 50 cents for full-sized packages, and any catarrh sufferer who has wasted time and money on sprays, salves and powders will appreciate to the full the merits of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

A little booklet on cause and cure of catarrh sent free by addressing F. A. Stuart Company, Marshall, Mich.

When I Am Dead.

When I at length am dead,
Let no hand, rough or smooth, caress my brow,
Let no lips whisper prayers beside my bed;
I start for love, you will not give it now.

When I at length am dead,
Let no hand lay a flower upon my grave;
You will not help me ere my life be fled,
When one kind look a starving soul might save.

Alone, unloved I live; thus will I lie
When I am dead.
—Eileen Benson.

Quite Proper.

Orthodox Mother—Ethel! How many times must I tell you it is wicked to pick flowers on the Sabbath?
Ethel—But, mother, I'm only picking real Sabbath ones—Adam's thread-and-needle. Timothy. Solomon's seal and Jack-in-the-pulpit!—"Life."

A Hard Man to Kill.

ACCOUNTS of whaling voyages often convey the idea of a very agreeable pastime, but sometimes, as in the case of the historic tiger, the whale takes it into his head to hunt you; then look out for trouble. Frank T. Bullen gives, in "The Men of the Merchant Service," a description of the experiences of Captain Gardiner of the ship "Union," which resulted somewhat disastrously for the fearless mariner.

While he was in the pursuit of his calling off the west coast of South America a sperm whale flung its jaw upward across the boat, and caught him by the head and shoulders. The blow did not sweep him overboard, but laid his scalp back from the skull, broke his right jaw, tearing out five teeth, broke his left arm and shoulder-blade, and crushed the hand on the same side between the whale's jaw and the gunwale of the boat.

In this deplorable state he was carried on board his ship, and his young officers may well have been excused for considering his case hopeless. His brave spirit, however, did not recognize defeat. He gave directions, mostly by signs, for the preparation of bandages and splints, and instructed his willing but ignorant helpers in the way of using them.

When all had been done that he wished or could think of, he ordered the vessel to be taken into port, and although apparently at the point of death, he lay in a commanding position on the deck. A Spanish surgeon was brought on board, who, as soon as he saw the sufferer, advised sending for a priest, as the case was hopeless.

This advice was lost upon the valiant Yankee, who sent a messenger thirty miles for another doctor—a German. This gentleman hastened down to the ship, dressed the skipper's wounds, and had him transported on an improvised ambulance slung between two mules up to the healthy highlands of the interior. In six months he was fit to resume command of his ship, which meanwhile had made a most successful cruise under the mate.

The captain's left hand, unhappily, had been so badly mangled that it was hardly more than a stump, the first two fingers being so twisted in the palm that he was afterward always obliged to wear a thick mitten to keep him from being entangled in a lance-warrior while he was lancing a whale.

This good man was for a quarter of a century master of a whaler, and lived to be nearly ninety years old.

Maeterlinck on the Automobile.

MAETERLINCK is almost as poetic on the flight of the automobile as on that of the bee. He essays to sing the praise of the horseless wagon in the "Figaro."

"Space and his invisible brother, time, are really the two great adversaries of man. We should be like the gods if we could triumph over them. Time seems invincible since he has neither body nor form, nor organ by which we could seize him. He passes and leaves traces which are almost always painful, like the harmful shadow of some inevitable being whom we can never perceive. It is, moreover, probable that he does not exist in himself, that he hasn't existence save in our thoughts and that we can never subjugate this phantom which is a necessary part of our organically defective imagination. As for space, his magnificent brother, who clothes himself in the green robe of the fields, the yellow veil of the desert, the blue mantle of the ocean, and throws over all the azure of the ether and the gold of the stars, doubtless he has already suffered many a defeat; but never hitherto had man seized him bodily, so to speak, to struggle with him alone, face to face. . . . Here, in this little chariot of fire, so docile, so light, and so miraculously indefatigable, between the wings of this bird of flame, which flies skimming the earth to show us the flowers, which caresses the fields of grain, drinks in the breath of the streams, lingers in the shadows of the trees, enters the villages and sees the open doors and the tables set, rests by the wayside in through the noon-day heat, and then starts on still singing to go at one bound and see what is taking place among other men at the same time, we have a day, and within the hour enters upon a new world—here, indeed, space has become truth human, proportioned to our eyes and to the needs of our soul, which is at once slow and rapid, narrow and colossal, petty and insatiable. Space, at last, can be assimilated and offered ceaselessly at every point of all those beauties which it formerly yielded up only after painful effort."

White Lies.

DR. E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS in his University of Chicago, said it is sometimes a good and proper thing to tell a lie, provided the intention one has in mind be good. Dr. Andrews illustrates his doctrine by saying that it is no lie to tell a sick man, near to death, that he will recover. Admiral Nelson told no lie, declares Dr. Andrews, when he put the spyglass to his blind eye and said he could not see the enemy's ships.

Probably there has not been a human being, saint or sinner, that never told a lie by word or deed. George Washington has a reputation for immaculate veracity, but Washington was too sane and sensible a man to have been so absurdly truthful as the legend portrays him. When Washington crossed the Delaware and fell upon the British he told a lie, inasmuch that he deceived the enemy regarding his whereabouts. Doubtless he told many such lies. A man cannot be general of an army and President of the United States without directly or indirectly telling falsehoods. Call the offence strategy, call it diplomacy, call it courtesy, but it cannot be reconciled to the commandment.

Absolute truth-telling—one may say it with all deference to the decalogue—would be brutal and barbarous. The little lies make life worth living, and are the oil which reduces the friction of social intercourse. It would not do to be always at home to bores. One must not shirk the delicate, mannerly fibs that women love to hear. If one is in trade he may not always tell the

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"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea is sold at 60 cents per pound and is the finest tea grown. You cannot get its equal no matter what price you pay.

exact truth about his goods, although commercial lies are not so white or harmless as others that society permits. We have the authority of no less a personage than His Majesty Edward VII, that to shield the good name of a woman a man may lie like a gentleman, and there are many who esteem a dictum from Sandringham or Windsor as of authority at least equal to that of a commandment from Sinai.

The decalogue, like its Author, is absolute while men dwell in the relative. We are obliged to be practical. Society, therefore, without jurisdiction in the premises, has amended the Divine law and permitted harmless lies. The law of the world forbids lies containing elements of malice, cowardice, or dishonor. Men lie and are willing to take the consequences hereafter that they may avoid disaster in the present. They gamble on the lachrymal propensity and the obliterative effect of the tears of the recording angel of whom Mr. Laurence Sterne—himself a clergyman—has told us. The man that never tells a little lie may be a saint, but he is very lonely. He never will succeed in business, politics, or society. Most likely he will die a bachelor.

Found Different.

Classed Doid's Dyspepsia Tablets With Other Remedies, But Changed His Mind Since.

Mr. James Beatty, of Kilmorby, Ont., tells a typical story of how he first came to know Doid's Dyspepsia Tablets for what they're worth.

He had been sick and ailing with Dyspepsia for some time. He had tried different treatments and various medicines all to no purpose. His stomach had broken down, his food was no use to him, and his whole system of course got out of order.

He saw an advertisement in a Toronto paper one evening, in which the reasonableness of the treatment known as Doid's Dyspepsia Tablets appealed to his sense of conviction. Doid's Dyspepsia Tablets act on the only sound principle in the treatment of Dyspepsia—Rest to the Stomach.

If a man can't digest his food because his stomach is tired out, how is he going to get better unless his stomach can be rested? But how can his stomach be rested and his food go on being digested? Mr. Beatty found it out. Listen:

"If the work Doid's Dyspepsia Tablets do for everybody is the same as they did for me they are the greatest medicine ever discovered. I saw them advertised in a Toronto paper, and I happened to be in Mr. Homer's store in Gravenhurst. I asked the clerk did he keep them in stock, but they had run out of them. He told me that he would send for them, but I told him it was not necessary, as I thought it would be like other patent medicines. I found different. I went to Dr. Campbell's and got them there. They made another man of me. I used to have to be very particular what I ate and drank, and above all I dreaded Sunday. Now, thank God, I can eat what I choose and the doctor is in my own pocket in the shape of Doid's Dyspepsia Tablets."

Determined to See It.

It is not an easy matter to keep a woman from a funeral or a wedding, especially the latter, if it be a fashionable function, relates a Paris correspondent in London "Truth." The recent marriage of the Count de Flers and Mile. Genevieve Sardon was a tremendous affair in Paris, and at least two persons claimed every available seat in the church where the happy pair became one. Just as the ceremony was about to begin a handsomely dressed woman forced her way through the crowd at the door and was about to step inside when the steward on guard there barred her progress, saying:

"It is impossible to let you in, madam. Every seat is occupied."

"That may be," replied the lady in a very confident tone, "but you will find, if you enquire, that there is still room for me."

"Who are you, then, madam?" asked the steward.

"I am the widow of General Galliffet," she replied.

The steward saluted the lady with an apologetic bow and showed her to a good viewpoint inside, expressing regret that to provide a seat was impossible. On returning to the door he was reminded that General Galliffet is very much alive, and that he is, moreover, a widower.

Healing the Smart.

Everyone who has known the King of England concedes that he is a man of tact, and in the best sense a good fellow; and even a Yankee paper will sometimes acknowledge these facts. Sometimes his exalted position forces him to take an authoritative course which his kindness of heart may cause him to deplore.

One night some distinguished men were at his house, and one of them, after dinner, took his place at the piano, and began to sing a vulgar song. Every eye, save that of the singer, was turned on the Prince of Wales. He made no effort to disguise his disapproval, and moved his chair slightly. A terrible silence fell upon the room, but the singer took it for attention and kept on.

The Prince coughed and fidgeted, and then, as the offender continued to be oblivious, began talking. He talked more and more loudly, and the singer stopped, looked round, and grew crim-

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Red Port Wine is the product of red grapes grown in the Douro valley of Portugal. At the mouth of the Douro River lies the beautiful, ancient City of Oporto, called by the Portuguese, **Oporto**, and which imparts its name to the famous **Port Wine**. The first two pipes of Port Wine were shipped to England some 25 years ago. Up the Douro River some 80 miles lies the picturesque town called **Régos**, and in its vicinity and further up the banks of the river, from its bed to nearly the top of the high mountains, the country is planted over with vines. The marvelous climate and soil produce the magnificent grapes from which Port Wine is made, and it is under such conditions that fine **Commandador Port** was grown some 25 years ago. Any respectable wine merchant in Canada can supply it.

son. He had been snubbed. There was no mistake about it.

There the matter might have ended, so far as the Prince was concerned, but there it did not end. The guests of the evening went away and told their comrades the disgrace. The papers caught it up, and made the most of it. "The singer was, so far as England was concerned, socially and professionally undone."

This sequel came to the ears of the Prince, and he was sorry. The man had deserved punishment, but he had not deserved ruin. So at the next entertainment where he sang the Prince and Princess of Wales were present. They sat in the front of their box and warmly applauded a man who had been punished enough without the interference of their fellows. Then they sent for him and his wife, chatted cordially with them, and did not forget to have the circumstance duly chronicled in the papers.

Sharp.

Bishop Philpotts of Exeter early earned his reputation for saying sharp things. One of the guests at an undergraduate's party, in Oxford, sang a song much out of tune. Then Philpotts was called upon.

"I haven't a note in my voice," said he.

"Well, if you can't sing, you must make a speech or tell a story!" declared the host.

"If I am to tell a story," said the future bishop, "I think I should say that I should like to hear—sing that song again!"

Much later in life he went to pay a visit in Devonshire.

"It's a beautiful place, isn't it?" asked a guest.

"Yes," said the bishop, "but if it were mine I would pull down the house and fill up the pond with it. That would remove two objections."

Spillt His Boast.

Stout Gent—Well, sir, I'm a self-made man. I began life as a barefooted boy.

Thin Gent—Well, as far as I can make out, I wasn't born with shoes on, either—"Moonshine."

At 3 A. M.

"You were once the very sunshine of my life, but now you stay out till all hours of the night." "Well, my dear sir, you mustn't expect sunshine after dark."

The Leveler.

Fond Father—This gate was broken last evening. Constance, do you know how it occurred?

Constance—Yes, father, love levels all things.

THE STRAIGHT B&C FRONT CORSET



This is the best corset ever given to the Canadian lady for ONE DOLLAR. It takes away all the strain and pressure from the lungs and abdomen. The strain of lacing is placed upon the hips and back muscles, throwing the shoulders out and developing that beautiful classic incurve at the base of the spine. **Sold at all leading Dry Goods Stores in Canada.** If you cannot get them at your dealer, we will send prepaid on receipt of price—\$1.00. Made in Drab, White and Tau Jean.

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Styles right! D signs exclusive!
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Social and Personal.

Mrs. S. Squire Spriggs and her bonny little ones went to England last week, after some months' visit to Judge and Mrs. Moss.

A very large turnout of society greeted the Westminster Abbey singers on Monday afternoon and evening on their first appearance in Canada, which is also sure to be the result of another concert fixed for next Monday. Although a mild suggestion that encores would lengthen the programme unduly was printed on the face of the book of words, the encore fiend let very few escape him. Among the audience of the matinee were Lady Gzowski, General and Mrs. Sandham, who, I am pleased to note, did not leave Toronto, as announced in error last week; Mrs. and Miss Turner, Judge and Mrs. Moss, Miss Moss and two enthusiastic juniors, Mrs. Arthur's Ravenswood, Mrs. and Miss Kay, Mr. and the Misses Sloane, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Lukes, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews and Mr. Gordy Andrews, Miss Wilkes of Thistleford and Mr. Lincoln Carlyle, Miss Snively, Mrs. William Laidlaw, Miss Marion Laidlaw, Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mrs. Nixon, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Brookman, Mr. George Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hoskins, Mr. and Miss Ethel Williams of Goderich, Mrs. Francis and the Misses Francis.

Miss Teresa O'Neill is visiting friends in Winnipeg. Miss O'Neill is a clever elocutionist.

Miss Edith McCollum is spending this month at Avon Springs, a beautiful place two hours from Buffalo.

The Misses Eva and Ethyl Post of Riverside, California, are the guests of Mrs. Frank Byrne of Huron street.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp is fitting up his studio at the Conservatory in a most artistic Pompeian red. He returned from Darnley, P.E.I., this week, looking splendidly well after a delightful summer of fishing, boating and bathing in Prince Edward Island. Mrs. Tripp, who has been a martyr to hay fever, has completely escaped the plague this year, and will remain at Darnley until the first of October, after which Mr. and Mrs. Tripp will be on pension at Mrs. Hellwell's.

Miss Edythe H. Hill, daughter of Manager Hill of the Industrial Exhibition, accompanied by Miss Mabel Elliott, Miss Louise McDowell and Miss Mulock of Winnipeg, sailed from Boston last week on the "Commonwealth," for Leipzig, Germany, to complete their musical studies.

On next Wednesday morning the marriage of Mr. J. A. Wilkinson of Spadina road and Miss Annie Pembroke of Dovercourt road will be celebrated in St. Mary's Church by Rev. Father McCann. Miss Minnie Groom will be bridesmaid and Mr. Edward Burns best man. Mr. Pembroke will give the bride away. Miss Pembroke's robe des noces is to be of white crepe de chene, trimmed with rich lace, and she will wear a tulle veil and a coronet of orange blossoms and carry a large bouquet of roses. Miss Groom will wear pale green crepe, embroidered with white, and a large white hat, and will also carry roses. The bride will go away in a gray crepe de chene traveling costume, with dove-gray chapeau and Eton coat of black embroidered taffeta.

A Novel Wedding.

Wanted—A bride and groom, and a clergyman to marry them. Must be romantic enough and brave enough to enter a cage of 25 African lions and be married in the presence of 200,000 people. The wedding to occur on Railroad Day, September 14, at the Pan-American. A present worthy of the occasion will be given to the courageous couple.

A glided cage of strongest steel will be erected in the center of the Esplanade, covered with a golden canopy; in this will be placed 25 lions. The wedding party, in evening dress, will assemble at the Lincoln Parkway entrance to the grounds at 2.30 p.m., and will be driven to the Esplanade in following order: The four ushers, Messrs. H. T. Jaeger of the Erie, George R. Chesbrough of the Lehigh Valley, Harry T. Rhein of the Lake Shore, and Harry Parry of the New York Central. Second carriage will contain the clergyman (name unknown). Third carriage the groom and his best man, Mr. W. H. Underwood, of the Michigan Central. Fourth carriage, bride, accompanied by Hon. James Macbeth. Fifth carriage, reporters of the local papers. The party will enter the cage in the same manner. As this is Vassar as well as Railroad Day, it is hoped that three or four Vassar girls will consent to act as bridesmaids; if so, a carriage will be provided for them. In the ceremony Mr. Macbeth will give the bride away. All the wedding party will be armed with bull whips and revolvers, to keep the 25 savage brutes in subjection during the ceremony.

After the final words are said the savage brutes will be given a wedding supper in the cage, after the bridal party has been driven to Bostock's, where a public reception will be held from 3.30 till 5 o'clock. The reception committee will consist of R. F. Kelley of the Wabash, W. T. Tunison of the B. & O. and P. J. T. McDonald of the Grand Trunk and P. J. Moore of the Nickel Plate.

Prospective bridegrooms should send in their names, the bride's name and photographs of both, with certificates that they have never before married each other, and the clergyman will kindly send name. All communications in regard to the wedding can be sent to the editor of this paper.

The School of the Sisters of the Church Will reopen (Church of England Day School) at 106 Beverley street on Monday, September 9th, 1901.

Kindergarten, Primary, Collegiate and Boys' Department.

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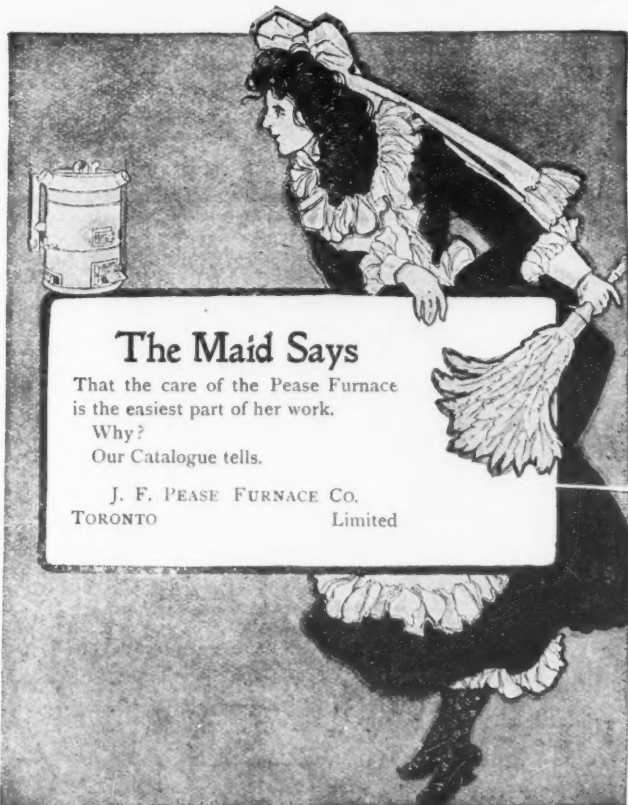
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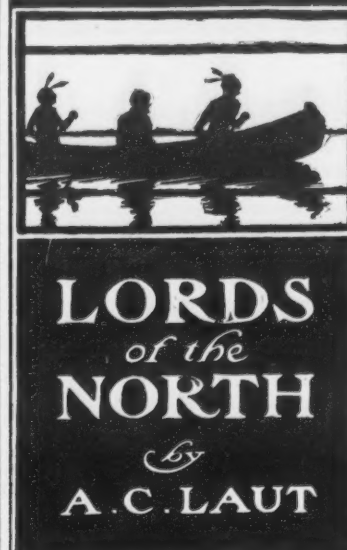
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\$3.00 Brownie Suits, made of all-wool Canadian Tweed, four rows red braid on collar and lapel of coat, and red cashmere vest, for 1.98

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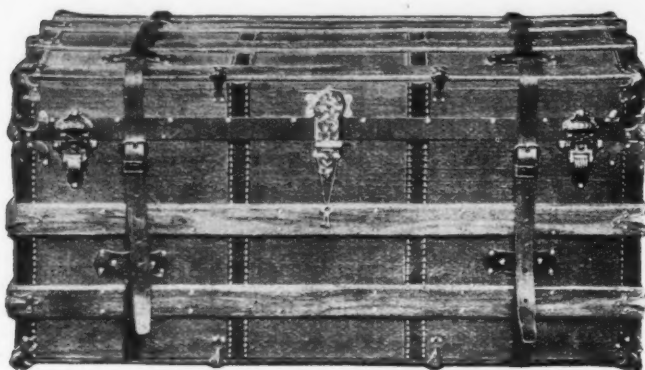
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The **JULIAN SALE**
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Social and Personal.

Miss Mabel Marter, Elm Grove, after spending a very pleasant holiday for the past month at Copper Head Island, Georgian Bay, has returned home.

Miss Emily Mitchell, Grant street, who has been holidaying for the past month at Port Simpson, Lake of Bays, has returned home, much benefited by her outing.

Miss Aggie Sherray of Hensall, after visiting the Pan-American at Buffalo, is with the Misses Urquhart, Oxford street, for two weeks.

Mrs. George Webb of "Kenmore" is the guest of Mrs. Frederick Webb, who, with Mr. and Miss Webb, has returned to "Inglewood" after a very pleasant summer on Bay of Quinte, Stony Lake and Lake Huron.

Mr. and Mrs. Corby, Mr. and Mrs. U. E. Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. C. Shedden Laidlaw have returned to Belleville from a week's cruise on the "Skylark." Mr. Laidlaw returned to Toronto, and Mrs. Laidlaw remains for a visit with her family.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wade have moved over from the Island, and are at 123 College street.

The wedding of Miss Edna Meier to Mr. Fred J. Taylor took place on Saturday evening, the 31st of August, at the Memorial Baptist church, on the corner of Tecumseh street and Farley avenue. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. B. Kennedy, M.A. Miss Lillie Cline was bridesmaid, and Mr. Frank D. Weller best man. After the ceremony about forty sat down to the wedding breakfast at the future home of the bride, No. 261 Niagara street.

Mrs. B. B. Hughes and her family are now living at Jarvis street, Mrs. McCord's residence, lately occupied by Mr. and Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp.

The engagement is announced in Hamilton of Miss Katharine Beecher Counsell, youngest daughter of the late C. M. Counsell, to Signor Emil Justin Bosio, son of Justin Bosio, banker, of Rome, Italy. Probably Miss Counsell

will not return to Canada before her marriage, which will take place shortly.

As was announced before, Mr. Sheppard will be forced to close his new Princess Theater next week to complete the alterations which are being made in the theater to bring it up to the requirements of a first-class place of amusement. The summer was all too short for the changes which Mr. Sheppard had contemplated to be made, and as it was imperative that the theater should be open during the Exposition, it was decided that the week following the Fair would be the most opportune time for the completion of the work. For this reason the date of the engagement of Mr. H. Reeves Smith in A Brace of Partridges has been changed, and the English company headed by that splendid English comedian will not be here until the next week. The theater will then, a week from next Monday, have another re-opening.

The committee of the Island Aquatic Association arranged for a late boat to leave Center Island for Yonge street at 12.15 last night. The Italian orchestra has returned to town after a long engagement at the Royal Muskoka, and was engaged for this special dance. The last of these popular weekly hops will be held on Friday evening, the 13th inst. Tickets may, as usual, be obtained from any member of the committee or from the honorary secretary, Mr. Findlay, at the Parliament buildings.

Rev. C. G. Cornelle, B.A., B.D., of Maidstone, Ont., and Miss Dora Davison, daughter of the late Mr. Myles Davison, of Florence, Ont., were married on Wednesday at 40 Brunswick avenue, the residence of Mr. R. T. Williams, uncle of the bride. Rev. C. W. Brown of Exeter, cousin of the bride, performed the ceremony. The maid of honor was Miss Vivian Brown of Exeter. The bride wore a traveling gown of blue ladies' cloth, trimmed with white taffeta silk, cord and buttons. Her hat was of gray felt, with trimmings of gray velvet and gray wings. Miss Brown wore white organdie over white silk. The house was prettily decorated with pink and white flowers, and an orchestra supplied music. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelle left for a tour of the St. Lawrence to Quebec and other points. They are both graduates of Victoria University.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Walker—Aug. 29th, at Grace Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Walker, a son, David—At Berlin, on Aug. 29, the wife of Major W. M. Davis, a daughter.

Hand—Aug. 29, Blandford, N. S., Mrs. J. E. Hand, a daughter.
Stevenson—Aug. 29, Toronto, Mrs. Henry E. Stevenson, a son.
Herriman—Sept. 1, Lindsay, Mrs. W. C. Herriman, of Kingston, a daughter.
Osler—Sept. 2nd, Toronto, Mrs. Henry E. Osler, a son.
Primrose—Sept. 2nd, Toronto, Mrs. Alexander Primrose, a daughter.
Van Sommers—Aug. 25, Athens, Georgia, Mrs. James Van Sommer, a daughter.

Marriages.

Ionson—Waddle—Sept. 2, Simcoe, Francis James Ionson to Bella Waddle.
Filkin—Bell—Sept. 2, Markham, Henry W. Filkin to Hannah Bell.
Anderson—Wilson—Sept. 2, Inglewood, George R. Anderson to Margaret Wilson.
Lorain—Baldwin—Aug. 27, Fairbank, Ralph Lorain to Mary M. Baldwin.
Cornelle—Davison—Sept. 4, Toronto, C. G. Cornelle, B.A., to Dora Davison.
Macdonald—Clark—Sept. 2, Welland, Dr. J. Macdonald to Carrie B. Clark.
Mitchell—Stanton—Aug. 29, St. Catharines, Charles Hamilton Mitchell, B.A., to Myra Ethlyn Stanton.
Williams—Glover—Aug. 28, Bowmanville, Alan Williams to Gertrude Glover.
Hall—Lowe—Aug. 26, Toronto, Harry Hall to Katie Lowe.
Heine—Niven—July 17, London, Eng., Paul Heine to Florence Isabella Niven.
Mitchell—Morris—Aug. 28, Blenheim, Dr. D. McKinley Mitchell to Hester Morris.

Deaths.

Mason—Sept. 2, at St. Joseph street, Madame Mathilde Mason, wife of Professor Eugene Mason.
McNaughton—Sept. 4, Newcastle, John McNaughton, M.D., aged 71 years.
Nadeau—Sept. 3, Buffalo, Alexander Nadeau, aged 78 years.
Slater—Sept. 4, Toronto, James Slater, in his 72nd year.
Sloan—Toronto, William J. Sloan, in his 46th year.
Reaman—Sept. 4, Woodbridge, John Reaman, aged 59 years.
Lellis—Sept. 4, Weston, W. J. Lellis, in his 35th year.
McFarlane—Sept. 3, Stouffville, Robert McFarlane, aged 85 years.
Ratcliff—Sept. 4, Toronto, Telfer G. B. Ratcliff.
Milne—Agriculture, Robert Loveless Milne, Wooten—Toronto, Arthur Ingleton Wooten, in his 24th year.
Mackenzie—Sept. 1, Chicago, Elizabeth Mackenzie.
Leary—Sept. 3, Toronto, Robert Leary, in his 64th year.
Hudspeth—Sept. 1, Winnipeg, Robert Myles Hudspeth, aged 29 years.
Davy—Sept. 2, Toronto, Pearl Davy.
Ferreis—Sept. 2, Toronto, Jane Ferreis.
French—Sept. 1, Huntsville, Daniel E. French, in his 57th year.
Hamblin—Sept. 1, Toronto, Alfred Henry Hamblin, in his 17th year.
Murray—Sept. 1, Grimsby, Rev. John G. Murray.
Reynar—Sept. 1, Montreal, Mr. Joseph Reynar, aged 65 years.
Dredge—Aug. 29, Brooklyn, Alfred Dredge.

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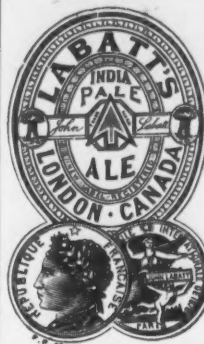
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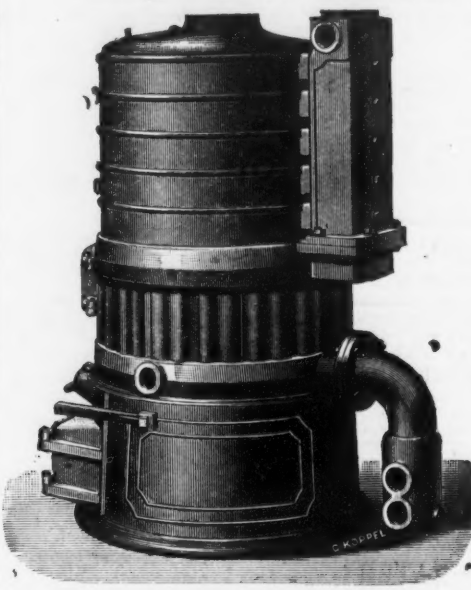
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